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Triumph of Truth?
p. 40.

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THE
JUVENILE MIRROR;
CONTAINING
MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE
TALES,

INTERSPERSED WITH INTERESTING
BIOGRAPHY.

*Designed for the Use of Youth of both
Sexes.*



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1878-1879

1879-1880

THE
TRIUMPH OF TRUTH;
OR
Virtue Rewarded.

A TALE.

IN a gay and flourishing city in the north of England, resided young Steinfort and Eliza, characters equally celebrated for their personal accomplishments, but whose dispositions were the reverse of what they were represented by the world. Steinfort, in whom a detestation of the frivolous pursuits of fashion, was supposed a detestation of every thing sacred and excellent, appeared to the eye of the world as a sullen misanthrope; though it was se-

cretly whispered that his private hours were spent in secret revels and sensual gratifications. Eliza, in whom united a masculine understanding, with the most feminine sweetness, owed the false colouring of her character to neglected beaux and slighted admirers, who concluded that nothing but a miracle of affectation and coquetry could have remained insensible to their forced sighs and studied exclamations. Such were the opinions of the world of two amiable characters, who had been mutually stricken with each other's person, with no further acquaintance than a casual meeting in their walks, or sitting in the same box at the theatre; and had secretly lamented an incongruity of disposition which unfitted them for that happiness which each had eagerly anticipated from the ties of matrimony. Steinfort being

one evening in a mixed company, who freely handled the reputation of their neighbours, perhaps even without a superficial acquaintance, heard his fair Eliza pictured as the child of caprice and the dupe of flattery, insomuch, that every sentence which magnified her charms or extolled her virtues, was answered with the sigh of desire, and a look that seemed to thirst for more.

Revolving these thoughts in his mind, he strayed into a neighbouring grove to ruminate on the deception of appearances, and lament that personal beauty should be the companion of mental deformity. Having seated himself beneath an embowering oak in a remote part of the wood, he began to philosophize on his present state of mind. Those principles which had hitherto been his sole motives to action, seemed sensibly to

have lost their influence, and he endeavoured in vain to rally them to a combat. He pictured the perishable charms of beauty in the most contemptible light that ingenuity could devise, but all to no purpose. Eliza still appeared as an exception, and threw a charm over the foibles of her sex, that rendered them less insupportable. Finding he attempted in vain to divest himself of a partiality which seemed fraught with future evils, he started from his mossy seat, and with hasty steps was leaving the grove, when he beheld the object of his contemplation at a small distance, among the trees, and pensively walking towards him, with her eyes fixed on the ground. He gazed on her for a moment with doubtful admiration, irresolute whether to advance or retreat. At length love seemed to conquer, and undecided, he found him-

self mechanically moving towards her. She had now stopped, and was leaning against a tree for support, in an attitude that rendered loveliness more lovely !

The melancholy posture in which she stood, the silence of the scene around, and the placid sweetness which was imprinted on her features, conspired to heighten his admiration, and he had just resolved to address her, when he perceived himself observed. The situation admitted of no alternative, but abruptly returning or passing near each other. A moment's hesitation determined the choice of Eliza, and she again ' came forward. As they approached each other, she viewed him with a look full of tenderness and pity, which, while it cherished his hope, checked his presumption, and he involuntarily passed her,

cursing his own irresolution. Having proceeded a few paces, he ventured to turn and take another look, the same motives appeared to have actuated Eliza, and their eyes again met. It was but for a moment, the next saw them continue their walk, equally absorbed in reflection.

“Heavens!” exclaimed he “and can such sweetness of expression, such chastity of demeanour, be the associate of wantonness? why am I not fully convinced? why did I not address her in the language of adulation, the world gives her credit for flexibility, and the result would prove a speedy cure for my passion. He now took a circuitous turn in the wood, resolved to embrace the first opportunity of assuming the flatterer, and informing himself of her depravity. Anticipating the success of his last re-

solve, he was a second time quitting the grove, when abruptly turning a corner, he again met the object of his thoughts, hesitating how to cross a gap of the earth for want of assistance. A faint blush suffused her cheek as she encountered his eye, and she was hastily retreating, when Steinfort politely stepped forward and tendered her his hand. Politeness would not suffer her to refuse him, and she accepted it. He had no sooner handed her over, than he again staggered in his purpose ; her beauty appeared more transcendently victorious, and he desisted for fear of giving offence. Her hand, which he still retained in his, she now endeavoured to withdraw, and he found he must quickly resolve or lose the opportunity. He repeatedly essayed to speak, but as repeatedly failed, till

she somewhat relieved him by making a polite acknowledgment of his services, and informing him that her road lay to the left hand.

His resolution now revived, and with a reluctance he could ill conceal, he replied, “ Madam, the brilliancy of your charms, and the acknowledged superiority you bear over the females in this part of the world, would make it presumption in me to offer my services any farther, yet the sun condescends to smile on all; and would that beauty, which is equally divine, were equally impartial!” He now paused, expecting, doubtless, to trace in her look the approbation of the lady, but encountered the insulted dignity of the woman. The chagrin with which she had listened to this rhapsody of libertinism, was evidently depicted in her countenance, and, snatching her hand

indignantly from his grasp, she replied, "Sir this is perfectly consistent with your character, which however fashionable in the world, is a character which I must ever despise." He endeavoured to explain, but she was gone with "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger." The justness of her reproof had revitted him to the spot, and he could only follow her with his eyes.

A heavy shower of rain recalled the astonished Steinfort from the reverie into which this adventure had plunged him, and revolving in his mind a series of pleasant ideas, he bent his way homewards, little dreaming that his own conduct would serve but to rivet prejudices fatal to his character and happiness. Eliza, on her arrival at home, retired to her apartment with an eye dimmed with des-

pair, and a heart that reluctantly ceased to hope. She communicated her encounter with Steinfort to her confidential maid, who failed not to exaggerate her part, and to repeat it to others. At length it reached the ears of Mr. Dalton, the father of Eliza; a man tenacious of honour, fixed and irrevocable in his decisions. The action, as it appeared to him, he thought sufficient to justify a challenge, and he called Mr. Steinfort to the field. Eliza soon heard of her father's conduct, and flew to prevent the mischief that might ensue. She stated the action in its true light, entreated, remonstrated on the absurdity of such extremes, but all in vain. He deemed her representation as a partial colouring to prevent him hazarding his life—flew from her presence, and calling for a

friend, repaired to the scene appointed for the work of blood.

Steinfort was dreaming on future felicity, and planning various schemes of happiness, when he received this note of demand on honour. Thunderstruck, and unknowing what to resolve upon, he applied to an old friend for advice; but his friend would do no more than advise him to decide for himself, as he would then be more easily reconciled to the result of his determination.. In this wavering state of mind he departed alone for the scene of action, unprovided with those implements of murder he had been requested to procure. Mr. Dalton had been waiting ten minutes when he arrived, and demanded in a peremptory tone, wheré his second was, and desired him to produce his weapons? "I require no second," replied Steinfort, "and

for weapons, I make use of none but what nature has furnished me with. But first, sir," continued he, "I shall require of you an accurate statement of the cause of our quarrel?" "'Tis sufficient for me," replied Mr. Dalton, "that you have attempted to seduce and dishonour my daughter, this is cause enough for a father. Take your choice of these," continued he, presenting pistols. "No, sir," added Steinfort, "I have attempted to seduce and dishonour no man's daughter, and if I had, it would aggravate rather than extenuate my crime, to comply with your request."—"Peace, moralizing coward!" exclaimed the father, "I have my information from authority I am not accustomed to dispute; give me instant satisfaction, or submit to be branded with everlasting disgrace." "Brand me with what title will please

you," replied Steinfort; " epithets commonly have little meaning, and often none at all; those who deem it a deviation from honour to decline committing one crime by way of extenuating another, may throw what light they please on my actions, I neither court their applause nor evade their censure; you have been deceived, sir, in respect to the *cause*, and it is therefore fit you should be deceived in respect to the *effect* of our meeting." Having said this he abruptly departed, leaving Mr. Dalton, and his valiant attendant, in complete possession of the field. Mortified at such rude and unexpected treatment, they sullenly withdrew to satisfy that honour in idle declamation, which had been disappointed in being satisfied with blood.

Eliza, who had waited with the most painful and trembling anxiety for the result of this conflict, heard of its termination with that exquisite pleasure which none but minds replete with every virtuous principle can feel.. She could not but admire that self-commanded spirit, which could calmly reason with the stern and flexible anger of her father. This trait in Steinfort's character, in some measure dissipated her despair; a thousand pleasing phantoms danced before her imagination. "A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds," revived the prospect of life, and added energy to hope. Such is the rapidity with which we conceive in what interests the heart. Dazzling, but transcient happiness! no sooner has fancy given a boundary to the charming prospect, than reason involves it in gloom. Steinfort, at length sick-

ening at the triumph of vice, and disgusted with the sneers of malice, secluded himself from the world in the retired silence of nature. Thus had disappointment and misfortune tinged with misanthropy, a disposition formed by nature for softer enjoyments.

Eliza heard the true character of Steinfort when it was too late to profit by the discovery. Disconsolate and sick at heart, she found no pleasure but in seeking his friends, and making them recount his virtues, while she, with the greedy ear of love "devoured up their discourse." She accused herself as the author of his misfortunes, and of having conspired to hunt him from society. These ideas preyed upon her mind, and her health began visibly to decline. Her father, struck with the evident alteration, and conceiving a change of air might be

serviceable, prevailed upon her to spend a few months with a distant relation, about twenty miles from town. Thither she retired, where the solicitude of her amiable relatives contributed much towards the re-establishment of her health. The country round being extremely picturesque and romantic, she had an opportunity of indulging her taste for solitude, in frequent walks.

Being tempted by an unusual fine evening to extend the limits of her excursions, she entered a neighbouring coppice, in which she soon found herself bewildered by the variety of its paths. Night approached, and the heavens became obscured with clouds. Alarmed at her situation, she attempted to quicken her pace, which was considerably retarded by briars that intersected her path. Her apprehensions became seriously

painful, and were suddenly increased by the sound of indistinct voices from behind. She attempted to fly with precipitation; but the gloom around her, and the obstacles she had to encounter at every step, rendered every effort ineffectual. The sounds became more distinct, and, on a sudden, four ruffians, with sacrilegious hands, fastened on their defenceless prey. She gave them all the property she had about her, and begged to be released; but they proceeded to more violent measures. She fell on her knees, and with tears that might have disarmed the tiger of his ferocity, petitioned for mercy, which was savagely rejected. At that moment the approach of other footsteps was heard, and a youth rushed from among the trees, and with a rapidity of action that seemed to

baffle all resistance, and mock the perseverance of courage, soon levelled three of the villains with the earth. The other, taking advantage of his situation, aimed a blow at his adversary, which, for awhile deprived him of any further resistance; but apprehensive that the screams of Eliza would bring others to their aid, he immediately fled, and his companions on coming to themselves, and finding nobody to deter them, followed his example.

Gratitude now overcame all other ideas in the mind of Eliza, and her whole attention was directed to the stranger who had, perhaps, forfeited his life in her defence. She threw herself on the ground by his side, when the moon, emerging from a cloud, and beaming on his face, discovered to her the lifeless features of Steinfort.

Surprize, gratitude, and love, nearly overpowered the trembling frame of Eliza on this discovery, and created emotions in her mind that elude the impotence of words. In vain she endeavoured to recal the animation of her deliver, every effort was fruitless, and she could only press his hand and mourn over him in silence. A storm that had been gathering over her head, now began to vent itself on the earth, and happily effected what her tender assiduities had failed in. Steinfort on coming to himself, and finding the lady, whom he had attempted to release, kneeling by his side, and anxiously waiting his recovery, felt a pleasure that amply repaid him for any injuries he had sustained. The darkness that now reigned around, at once precluded the possibility of his knowing Eliza, or perceiving her embarrassment.

He arose, and politely taking her hand expressed his happiness on finding her safe, and hoped she had not suffered from the hands of the ruffians. She thanked him in tones modulated by her feelings, which never fail in addressing themselves to the heart, and which are the best recompence a feeling mind can receive. She briefly informed him of her entanglement in the wood, and of the part of the country from which she came ; but expressed some concern on his account, and hoped, in return, that his generous exertions in her behalf had not been at the expence of any personal injury. He laughed her apprehensions away in a vein of pleasantry, and conducted her into a spacious walk into the interior the of wood.

Meanwhile the storm considerably increasing, they found themselves under

the necessity of taking shelter under the largest of the trees. Having secured themselves from the rage of the elements, a pause of some minutes elapsed, during which Eliza was agitated by various emotions. The idea of making herself known to Steinfort, was attended by a train of unpleasant circumstances; yet the singular services he had afforded her, rendered disingenuousness still more disagreeable. Steinfort at length interrupted her meditations, by expressing a desire to know more of the person to whom he had been so fortunate in rendering himself serviceable. "Alas!" replied Eliza, "I am an unfortunate being, whom any further acquaintance with would lead you only into new troubles." As the varied landscape assumes its wonted beauty when lighted by the morning sun, so are the social feelings of a sensible

mind kindled at the touch of sorrow. A lady in distress, at any time was enough to make a hero of Steinfort; but when oppressed with grief, she awakened the finest touches of his nature. Though this complaint repressed his officiousness, it increased his desire for a further indulgence; and, in the most respectful solicitations, he begged her to let him know in what manner he could be serviceable to her, which she answered only by entreating him to desist; "Yet," added she, "a person from whom I have received such singular favours, I cannot object to consulting as a friend. Tell me," continued she, "how I am to avoid judging wrongly of characters known only by public opinion." "For myself," replied Steinfort, "I should suppose we ought not to judge *at all* decidedly, till enabled by a familiar

acquaintance, and afterwards be directed by *that* acquaintance alone; but society is a whirlpool of error, in which, by imperceptible degrees, we accede to the centre; few have sufficient courage of mind to oppose the current, but, after a faint resistance, submit to be whirled away with the rest.”—“I am a very recluse,” continued she, “shut out from the world; the dumb beast alone is my companion, he blabs not my secrets, he perverts not my actions, he deserves well of my confidence.” “And is there no selfishness in the resolve?” replied Eliza, “Ought those characters that are best capacitated to rectify the judgment and direct the opinions of the world to be removed from the post in which they can be most effectually serviceable? Does not this, likewise, in some measure, imply a want of courage? Is it not making sacrifices of

pleasures deemed unworthy our acceptance, and is not religion, which was intended as a mansion of pleasure, converted into a shelter from pain?" Steinfort was struck with the propriety of her remarks, and every moment became more interested in her welfare. "I will not attempt my justification, madam," replied he, "I have been hurried away by my feelings, and peculiar circumstances." He then enquired if she had ever resided at S——. She replied in the affirmative. A variety of questions crowded upon his mind. "No doubt you have heard of such a person as Miss Dalton?" added he, "I know her well," answered Eliza. His agitation became extreme. "Madam," continued he, in an elevated voice, "you have it in your power to determine much in respect to the bent of my future life; and I doubt not but you will deal with

me candidly. Is Miss Dalton that capricious slave of vicious fashions, that the world pictures her, or the just and meritorious friend of virtue?" "I hope she lives but to be the latter," replied Eliza. "Thank heaven, I have done her justice!" exclaimed Steinfort, "vice must deform the finest set of features. One question more, madam," continued he, "and I will trouble you no more. Have you reasons to suppose that her affections are engaged?" "Irrevocably so," answered Eliza. The answer was abrupt, but immediately to the point, and he was evidently affected with it. "'Tis enough," exclaimed he, "we have all our weaknesses—you, madam, have discovered mine; and forgive me, if for a moment I have forgotten your sorrows in my own." Eliza became every moment

more embarrassed; repeatedly did she attempt to declare herself, and as repeatedly did her resolution fail her. At length the storm having subsided, the silver moon, which had before revealed the features of Steinfort, revealed those of Eliza in return!

Pleasure winged away the first moments of surprize with Steinfort on this discovery, but recollection soon gave his thoughts a different direction. He found that Eliza was unfortunate—in love; and, perhaps, like himself, without hope. He summoned his resolution, and after awkwardly expressing his happiness and surprize at so unexpected a pleasure, he requested her to forget there was ever such a person as Steinfort, or permit him to devote the remainder of his life to her service. Eliza was silent. He begged the liberty of conducting her home—she

gave him her hand, and they walked silently forward. Every moment's reflection served but the more to convince Steinfort of the loss he sustained in Eliza. Never did he stand more in need of words, and never was he so totally deprived of them. He wished not officiously to solicit, nor ungenerously to extort from her those sorrows which would occasion more pain in the recital than the concealment. They approached the gates of Eliza's residence, and Steinfort at length recalled his wandering intellects. He observed that they both had fortuitously become acquainted with each others misfortunes; that she had learnt who was the prime object of his love, and chief cause of his retirement; that he would not, by an untimely officiousness, question her in respect to those un-

toward circumstances that had attended their acquaintance ; but that all he had left to hope was from her lenity in answering him one question, and he would never more trouble her with his presence. She signified her assent. “ Who then, madam,” asked he, “ is that highly favoured son of mortality, reserved for that enjoyment which my utmost presumption has scarce dared to glance at ? ” “ Do you wish him any harm ? ” enquired Eliza. “ I wish him every happiness of which human nature is susceptible,” replied Steinfort, “ while he acts worthy of you ; but when he ceases to do this, may the lightnings of heaven pursue him ! ” “ Sir,” rejoined Eliza, “ I cannot excuse myself for having dealt disingenuously with you, and trifled with your exalted character. You have snatched me from the brink of the most

exquisite wretchedness—you have deserved more frank and generous treatment. But I will answer your question faithfully," continued she, while her cheek reflected a more rosy beam, "for I am not ashamed to own that the name of him who best deserves, and alone possesses my heart, is—Steinfort." Bidding him call on her on the morrow, without giving him time to answer, she then entered an avenue of trees, and immediately disappeared!

Glowing with admiration, and dazzled by such an unexpected prospect of bliss, Steinfort continued for awhile motionless with surprize; then turning his eyes from the spot where she had disappeared, and echoing her words, he bent his steps homewards with a head full of happiness, and a heart that beat light at the thought.

The sun rose in his wonted beauty the next morning to the eyes of Steinfort, who awoke to a renewed prospect of life and happiness, which though shaded by a few difficulties, imparted more lively pleasures than it is in the power of sullen and retired philosophy to bestow. He arose and adjusted his dress more to the taste of the world, and threw off the rough and uncourtly manners of the philosopher for the more gentle and respectful demeanour of the lover. His rural host and hostess, with whom he resided, were rather surprized at this alteration in his appearance, but as their enquiries had been checked, they presumed not to ask any questions. They knew nothing of his circumstances, and were seldom troubled with his company, except when he was induced to make some idle experiment, or in his moments of relaxa-

tion he amused them with his eccentricities.

Having loitered about with impatience till the former part of the morning had passed away, he departed to visit his Eliza. The sun shone delightful on the surrounding landscape as he walked along, the plumed musicians of the air caroled their sweetest notes, and all nature seemed to breathe forth a harmony well suited to the soft emotions of his soul. On his arrival he was introduced into a parlour, where he found Eliza sitting alone. She received him with a familiar ease, unaccompanied with any other confusion, save what tinted her cheek.

After a few general comments and explanations relative to past events, they touched upon more interesting topics, and Steinfort was not a little gratified at finding in the person he loved a mind

congenial with his own, that could accompany him in the flights of fancy, and the wanderings of imagination.

The time flew swiftly away, and nothing remained to damp the happiness of our lovers but the opposition of friends. They had to encounter and subdue the pertinacity of a prejudiced father, and to brave the taunts of a censorious world; a task, however difficult to perform for an individual lopped off from society, without any one to love or trust, is still more difficult to undertake with fortitude, when we see those we love subject to the same calamity; and though we have the additional *pleasure* of mutual consolation, we have likewise additional *pain* of seeing each other suffer, from the same cause, with the same despair of redress. These ideas served but to strengthen the cord that bound them together, and they

separated with desires sanctioned by virtue, and hopes that could not easily be depressed.

Steinfoit daily continued visits, and every evening returned with brighter prospects of happiness, barred with new difficulties of access. A week being elapsed in removing obstructions and obviating objections, without any decisive measures being adopted, they met to determine on some mode of conduct, and agree either to act independent of friends, or forego each other's company till circumstances were more favourable to their union. Clandestine means were canvassed, and dismissed with this remark: "that, though they sometimes conferred security, they did not infallibly secure happiness; for those who adopted them, must ever offend the judicious and experienced part of mankind,

the good opinion of which is so necessary to public approbation, and public approbation best consolidates private enjoyment." "Well," observed Eliza, as she tendered Seinfort her hand, "*this* the world may prevent me making a present of for a time, but shall never prevail upon me to give it to another." Seinfort pressed it to his lips. At that instant the parlour door opened, and Mr. Dalton appeared. Seinfort felt a little confused at this singular intrusion, but, unconscious of any impropriety, he avoided by any awkward evasions, to create the appearance of one. Eliza, when she saw her father, shrunk for a moment from herself, and as she expected to encounter offended honour on his brow, and every feature alive with revenge, was not a little surprised, when, after gazing on them for

a moment with doubtful surprise, he familiarly stepped forward, and shaking hands with Steinfort, hoped he found him well.

An appearance so unexpected, and conduct so mysterious, filled them both with astonishment, and was mistaken at first for some low cunning of insult. Mr. Dalton soon undeceived them, by making suitable concessions to Steinfort for the injury he had done his character, and briefly informing him that his seclusion from the world had given rise to an enquiry into his character and circumstances; and it too plainly appeared that his actions had been aggravated, and the pursuits of virtue tortured into those of vice. He likewise informed him, that having heard from his friends of the amendment of his daughter's health, he had been in-

duced to fetch her home to assist him in concerting measures to seek out his retirement, and make him what reparation was left in his power. That on his arrival, he was informed of the perilous situation from which his daughter had been snatched by the signal bravery and interposition of a young man, who was then with her in the parlour; and that thus he had, without any apology, intruded upon them, but expected not to find in the deliverer of his daughter, one whom he had given sufficient provocation to convert into the deadliest foe. Steinfort and Eliza heard his narrative with looks expressive of the satisfaction they felt; and, after a moment's pause, Steinfort observed, "that as a link in the chain of mortality, and subject with his fellow beings to all the errors and weaknesses of hu-

manity, he had no just claims to distinction from the rest of mankind ; that when extenuation was the business of the world, after its revenge had been glutted, and the object of its displeasure removed, virtue was magnified in its turn as much as vice had been, and applause was as frequently injudiciously bestowed as censure.”—“ Well, well,” replied Mr. Dalton, “ that may be as you please, but you shall not moralize me out of the notion that I am under great obligations to you, and therefore I hope you will consider of some method by which I may repay them.” “ On the supposition that you are obligated to me,” answered Steinfort, “ I know but of one favour you can grant me, in the refusal of which you deny me every thing I desire, but in conferring it, you give me every thing I want ; and that

is," continued he, "the hand of this lady," taking hold of Eliza. "How now," retorted Mr. Dalton, "you are contriving to get me deeper in debt, by taking the trouble off my hands of seeking her a suitable husband; but since you are resolved to be generous, I will not be left behind; therefore if you have her, it must be only on this condition; that you permit me to entail upon her a fortune of 5000l." His ready consent, together with his generosity, rather surprised Steinfort; but it is often observed, that those who are warm and hasty in their resentments, are, on conviction of having done wrong, equally zealous, and eager to make all possible amends. Steinfort, paying him a compliment on his liberality, observed, that as proposals of that nature were so seldom rejected, he would

not be so affectedly singular as to hesitate on the conditions. "Well then," said Mr. Dalton, taking hold of Eliza's hand, and attempting to give it to Steinfort, "I ——" "Hold," cried Eliza, "is my consent then entirely out of the question?"—"Your eyes have told me you have not been an indifferent spectator," replied Mr. Dalton—Eliza reddened—"Nay, those cheeks confirm it," added he, "colouring as it were for the frailty of your eyes; come, come, he who was brave enough to oppose individual force against such odds, to rescue you, is no common hero, and will make no common husband." "You are convinced then," replied Eliza, "that he is not infallibly a coward, who refuses to countenance the practice of duelling." "I am convinced," replied Mr. Dalton, "that

he is the greatest hero who has courage to do right; therefore I hope you will permit me to present your hand to Steinfort." "Suppose I object," observed Eliza. "Do you object?" asked Mr. Dalton. "Yes!" answered Eliza. "Your reason," continued he. "That I may have the pleasure of presenting it to him myself," added Eliza, giving her hand to Steinfort. Mr. Dalton, laughing, observed, "that he hoped her philosophical lover would teach her something of *gravity*." Steinfort observed, that he had no claim to the title of philosopher. "What but philosophy has enabled you to endure the evils of life with patience?" asked Mr. Dalton. "That I am afraid has not been the case," replied Steinfort; "but I have a still more difficult task be-

fore me," continued he, "to enjoy the pleasures of life with *temperance*."

The evening was spent in a reciprocation of civilities, and after some entreaty on the side of Mr. Dalton, and solicitation on Steinfort, the nuptials were agreed to be solemnized on the approaching Sabbath, at the house of Mr. Dalton. Having spent the remaining part of the week among their friends in the country, a coach was procured early on Sunday morning, that bore them away to the altar of connubial felicity!

REMARKABLE
INSTANCE OF COURAGE AND
FORTITUDE IN YOUTH.

VOLNEY BECKNER, was born at Londonderry, in 1748, and devoured by a shark at the age of twelve years:

This child, says his biographer, had not the advantage of springing from a wealthy or distinguished family; but of what importance is birth? What is the effect of riches? They often corrupt the morals. He who is worthy, he who is honest and wise, has no need of ancestors,

Volney Beckner was the son of a poor Irish sailor; he received no instruction but what related to his father's profession. Yet, all destitute as he was of education, he is not the less deserving praise. Nature had endowed his body with singular address and agility, and his mind with unusual intelligence and penetration. He had a soul of no common temper; and from his earliest years he discovered sentiments of valour, which would certainly have led him to great enterprizes, had he run a longer course.

One art essentially necessary to a sailor, and to all others who travel by sea, is that of swimming. Besides that this exercise is very favourable to the health, and that it gives suppleness to the limbs, it is indispensable in a shipwreck; there is no medium in such a case; a person

must either know how to swim or be drowned.

As soon as little Beckner was weaned, his father taught him to move and to guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He threw him down into the sea from the stern of the ship; then suddenly plunging into this perfidious element, which swallows so many men and so much riches, he sought for him again.

He afterwards supported him with one hand, taught him to extend his little arms and legs, and thus accustomed him from his cradle to brave dangers in their very bosom.

The pupil became so daring, so able, and so vigorous, that from his fourth year he would follow the ship in which he had been brought up, swimming for the dis-

tance of two or three leagues. As soon as he was overcome by fatigue, and began to disappear, his father, who watched him with an attentive eye, flew to catch him, and brought him to the ship on his back. Sometimes, when the little lad was not extremely fatigued, he would cling dexterously round a rope which was thrown out to him, and crept up like a rat into the vessel.

When he grew a little bigger the ship-boy already knew how to render himself useful to the crew. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, when it tore the sails, and the rain fell in torrents, he was not one of the last in manœuvering. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the trees of Lapland than Volney did along the cables and sail-yards. When he was at

the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest of the storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on his hammock.

Such is the force of habit and example ! Happy are those who see none but good ones ! Cradled in the effeminacy of cities, abandoned to timorous and ignorant nurses, most children tremble like a leaf at the creaking of a door, they are ready to faint at seeing a mouse pass by at their feet. It is not so with those who are brought up in the midst of toils, and contemplate brave men. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and be suddenly wakened at the moment when

his sleep was the soundest; such was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fevers, or any of that croud of diseases springing from gluttony and idleness. A severe and hardy education is always the best, it alone forms superior men; of this fact the history of all ages furnishes us with a multitude of examples. Such was the aptitude and industry of Beckner in his twelfth year, that at this age he was judged worthy of a higher station, and double pay. The captain of the ship, on board which he served, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of the whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place

much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he had so well deserved. Although deprived of the study of letters, which cultivates the mind, extends our knowledge, and gives us juster ideas of things, he loved glory by instinct, and made great efforts for its acquisition. From several instances of intrepid daring, which he manifested in many dangerous emergencies, we shall only select the following, since this alone is sufficient to confer eternal honour on the memory of the young sailor.

A little girl, daughter to a rich American, who was going to Port-au-Prince in France, had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill, and taking some repose, and ran upon deck. There, whilst she fixed her eyes with greedy curiosity

on the immense expanse of water, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her head to turn, and she fell into the sea. The father of Volney perceiving her, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by her frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived at a distance a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several carabines; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was now just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute.

Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then plunging with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the belly of the animal, and stabbed his sword into him up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the sailor, but he turned, doubly exasperated, against the aggressor, who attacked him with repeated blows. What a heart-rending sight! How worthy of admiration! On one side the American, trembling for his little girl, who seems devoted to destruction; on the other a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew raising their hands to heaven on seeing young Volney contending with an enemy so greatly superior, and encountering inevitable death to divert it from

his father! Who can recal a scene like this without dissolving into tears of tenderness?

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. They were hastily drawn up; already they were more than fifteen feet above the surface of the water; already cries of joy were heard: "Here they are, here they are—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved! at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring, then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with his sharp teeth he tore asunder the body

of the intrepid and unfortunate child while suspended in the air. A part of his palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship with his father and the fainting American.

Thus died, at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, and the sacred motive by which he was animated to the enterprise, we are penetrated with sorrow to see him sink under it. Yet these great examples cannot be lost. The memory of them does not perish with the individual who gave them. A faithful relation of them cannot but animate with a generous zeal the tender minds of youth, and produce from age to age the repetition of actions not less praise-worthy.

THE
MENTAL THERMOMETER;
OR,
ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

MY father was a man of considerable opulence, and of established credit in London. The habits of circumspection and frugality, which are insensibly acquired in the pursuit of wealth, had not soured his temper, or contracted his natural benevolence; but on the contrary, he found himself, as he advanced in years, not only in the possession of an ample fortune, but also of a mind capable of enjoying and sharing it with his fellow-creatures. The fame of his liberality drew round him numbers who were in want of his assistance; and his discern-

ment, in distinguishing those who were proper objects of his bounty, obtained for him the notice and friendship of many who were disinterested admirers of his virtues. Amongst those of the latter description, I can remember, from my childhood, an elderly gentleman, who had the air and accent of a foreigner, and who, after having casually met and conversed with my father in several places of public resort, seemed particularly to solicit his acquaintance.

My father was equally desirous of cultivating his society, and, by degrees, a friendship was cemented between them, which continued without interruption during the remainder of my father's life, and after his death seemed to devolve upon me his only son. Indeed, I had ever been ambitious of ingratiating myself

with the stranger, and of deserving his esteem ; for I thought there was something about him of singular sagacity in judging and deciding upon the secret motives of human actions. I was but a very young boy when I first saw him, but then I was struck with his appearance. He had a remarkable serenity of aspect, and a general expression of benevolence in his countenance ; but an eye which guilt could not withstand, which seemed to penetrate with a glance into the inmost recesses of the heart. Whenever he fixed it upon me, I well remember the awe which it diffused over my whole frame, an awe which even the consciousness of innocence could not conquer.

What his thoughts of me were in those moments, I know not ; but the reserve of his manner gradually dissipated towards me, and he began to encourage my

timidity, and to admit of my childish conversation and familiarity. He had been a great traveller, and had acquired an amazing fund of knowledge; which he perfectly well knew how to dispense in conversation, so as to entertain and instruct. When I was a child, he would often take me between his knees, and tell me marvellous stories, such as were fit to rouse my curiosity, and fix my attention; blending at the same time useful knowledge and moral truths with his narratives, and infusing, as it were, wholesome nourishment with delicacies the most grateful to my palate.

As I grew old, he instructed me in the sciences in which he was most profoundly versed. Indeed, at times, I could not avoid suspecting that his knowledge in the arts of nature was even greater than

he thought it prudent to avow. I had a confused idea that he might be one of those philosophers who are in possession of secrets equally valuable and dangerous. This idea increased my awe; but I never ventured to hint it to him lest I might have offended him, or lost his company and friendship to gratify an idle curiosity. He continued, on this one subject excepted, to treat me with the most unreserved confidence till the time of my father's death; when I looked up to him as the only friend who could console me for his loss.

At this time, when my heart was softened with grief, and disposed to solitude, he took me with him to some distance from the metropolis, to a retirement of which I had often heard him speak with delight. It was, in reality, a charm-

ing spot ; rich in all the beaties of nature, and highly cultivated by the hand of art. After any irreparable misfortune has been severely felt, a species of calm succeeds in the mind. I now experienced a kind of philosophic melancholy, which, though somewhat painful, I was fond of cherishing. In one of these thoughtful moments, towards the close of the evening, as I was sitting alone with the good old man, my second father, I may almost call him, he addressed me with uncommon seriousness, urging me to tell him the plan which I had formed for my future life. Struck with the suddenness of a question, on which I had scarcely deliberated, I hesitated to reply. "I have not," said I, after some recollection, "as yet formed any determined resolution, probably from ~~not~~ being compelled to it by necessity.

You know the success of my father's industry ; the fruits of it he has left to me : and finding myself possessed of a more than affluent fortune, a fair hereditary name, youth, health, an active mind, and one of the best of friends, I seem to have little care in life but to enjoy its blessings."

"But how securely to enjoy those blessings," said my instructor, "is the question. You doubtless wish to be happy, and you believe the means to be in your power ; but recollect scenes which we have observed together in the metropolis, which we have just quitted. How many are there in possession of the very things which you boast of, and who are yet languid, discontented, and miserable. That happiness, which is in the power of so many, why is it not enjoyed ? or rather, in what does it consist ? Recollect, and

tell me who do you believe to be the happiest man you know ?” I readily replied, “ Of all men I have ever seen, you appear to be the happiest ; and yet I cannot precisely tell the reason why I think so. Active as you are, you are not young ; you do not possess any visible signs of wealth ; your way of life precludes you from all the gratifications of public admiration, and yet the unalterable serenity of your countenance, and cheerfulness of your manner, convince me that you are happy. Perhaps it may be to your superior knowledge and philosophy, that you owe your felicity. The confidence you are now shewing me, however, encourages me to mention another idea to you. From several circumstances, which have occurred since we were first acquainted, and from some accidental expressions,

which have dropt from you at different times, I conceived the notion that you were master of some very extraordinary secret ; but I have always hitherto suppressed my curiosity on this subject, as I did not think it became me to penetrate farther into your confidence than you condescended to admit me." " You have," said he, casting upon me a look of approbation, " fully merited my confidence, and it shall be no longer withheld. It is true I am in possession of a secret, a secret which I may deem invaluable ; it has been the purchase of many years toil and experience, the reward of the labour and experience of a long life. I am a native of Italy, and my life has been spent chiefly in travelling, through different countries. There is no part of the globe which I have not at some period or other visited,

having uniformly kept one object in view, to which, thank Heaven! I have at last attained. You know," continued he, "my friendship to your father, and my particular attachment to you. I wish to give you some proof of my regard before nature calls me from you; and I think I have it in my power to leave you a gift truly worthy of your acceptance." Here he paused, and drew carefully from beneath his vestment a small golden chain, which was fastened round his neck, but which he readily opened. There hung from it a small tube of chrystal, or rather of some substance which I had never seen before; it inclosed something, which I concluded was a talisman, until the old man drew it out of its case, and put it into my hands; upon a nearer view, it appeared to me nothing more than a small character which you perceive at the top

instrument constructed like one of our common thermometers, and marked into a great number of divisions. After I had examined it in silence for some time, my friend took it from me, and replaced it in his bosom, when instantly a fresh phenomenon appeared; innumerable new divisions became visible. "There are many more," said my friend, observing my astonishment—"there are many more too nice to be discerned by the unassisted eye of man; but the longer and the more attentively you regard them, the more you will be enabled to discover." "But what is this liquor," said I, "or is it a liquor, which seems to move up and down in the tube? and what are those small characters which I perceive at the top and bottom of the instrument." "The bright

of the chrystal are Arabic," said he, "and they signify, *perfect felicity*. The degrees, which you see marked upon the chrystal, form a scale of happiness, gradually descending from perfect felicity to indifference, which is the boundary between pleasure and pain; and from thence commence the dark divisions of misery, which continue deepening in their shades as they descend, and increasing in magnitude, till they touch the black characters at the bottom, which signify the final bounds of human misery, *despair*. The liquor, which you see contained in the tube," continued he, "is endued with the faculty of rising or falling in the chrystal, in exact proportion to the pleasure or pain felt by the person who wears it, at any given period of his existence." I cast my eye down on the

tube as he held it in his hand. "Perfect felicity and Despair!" I repeated and sighed, how many of my fellow creatures are doom'd to feel the one, how few attain to the other. "Those extreme points" said the good old man, recalling my eye to the tube, "though apparently so far distant from each other, are equally dangerous, for beyond them the liquor can neither rise nor descend, without bursting the instrument; it will seldom however be found actually to touch these extremes, and the intermediate degrees it defines with unerring precision." "But," said I, "is it not sufficient for me to feel pleasure, to be convinced that I feel it, and will not a little reflection ascertain the degree with sufficient accuracy?" "Perhaps not," said he, smiling at my presumption, "perhaps not so readily as

you imagine. The want of precision, in this circumstance, is one of the first causes of the mistakes which mankind fall into in their pursuits, especially the young and the enthusiastic; reflecting little on the past, and forming great expectations on the future, they seldom rightly value their present sensations; guided by the opinion or examples of others, they mistake the real objects of happiness, and the experiments necessary to be tried to set them right, must be so often repeated, to make any useful impression, that life passes away before they are convinced of their errors, or before the conviction has become of any material advantage to them. Now, such is the nature of this little instrument, that if you wear it next to your heart, it will invariably preserve its efficacy, in all the situations of life, in the

most tumultuous assembly, as well as in the most tranquil solitude. At the moment when your soul is the most agitated, when your emotions are the most complicated, when you would not, or could not enter into a strict scrutiny of your own heart, this little chrystal will be your monitor; press it to your bosom, and ask yourself this question; what degree of pleasure or of pain do I now feel? the answer you will find distinct and decided, the liquor in the tube will instantaneously point it out upon the scale of happiness or misery; it will remain stationary, until you unlock the chain from around your neck, in your hours of retirement." Here I began to comprehend the true use and value of this present, and repenting my hasty judgment, I expressed in the warmest terms my acknowledgement. "Take it, my son," said he, putting it

into my hands, “may you in the course of your life, experience its utility as much as I have done! may it facilitate your improvement in virtue and wisdom, the only genuine sources of happiness; my life must now be near its close, my habits are fixed, and I have no further occasion for this chrystal monitor; yet it has been so long my constant companion, that I can scarcely part with it, without reluctance, even to you; promise me however,” added he, “to send me frequent and accurate accounts of the experiments you try with it, they will be an amusement to me in my retirement.” I readily made my friend the promise which he required, and having again thanked him for his present, I eagerly clasped the golden chain round my neck, and resolved to begin, as soon as possible, a series of observations upon my *mental Thermometer*.

A MYTHOLOGICAL TALE.

BY LA FONTAINE.

AFTER the image of the immortal gods Prometheus had formed two statues of clay. As the beautiful production of his bold attempt stood before him, he viewed his work with an eye of paternal partiality ; and called upon all the celestials to endow them with their choicest gifts. The immortals stood around, and admired the creation of the Titan.

“ Let us endow them with our choicest gifts,” said Jupiter. He laid his mighty hand on the breasts of the images, and their breasts heaved under his hand, and life rolled silent and hidden through their veins. Venus cast a propitious smile up-

on the living images ; and that life, which, silent and hidden, Jupiter had infused into their veins, now sparkled in the speaking eye, glowed on the blooming cheek, beamed from the sublime forehead, and displayed itself in the movement of their limbs.

“ ’Twas I gave them sensibility,” she exclaimed triumphantly. Pallas imprinted a kiss upon their foreheads. “ And I,” she calmly replied, “ kindled in them the divine spark of wisdom.” Their foreheads now discovered the furrowed lines of thought, and a milder, but more beautiful lustre shone from their eyes. Astonished and thoughtful they gazed upon the assembly of immortals that surrounded them.

Mercury touched the lips of the thinking beings with his wand, “ What are

we?" they exclaimed: "what were we? whence do we come?"

Apollo placed his lyre in their hands. The Muses danced around them, whilst their fingers flew over the harmonious strings, and they sung the wonderful story of their own nativity.

Amor approached them. The wanton god touched the breast of the man with his torch. Lightning flashed from the eye of the man, and a higher crimson glowed upon his cheeks. His bosom heaved with rapturous palpitations: he extended his arms, and sunk upon the breast of the first born of women, who had that instant also received the touch of Amor's torch. The Graces drew near, and threw a veil over the shoulders of the woman. Her cheeks now blushed a more lovely hue, and the sparkling of her eye, kind-

led by the torch of Amor, gave place to the soft languishing lustre of virgin delicacy. She hid herself in the veil of the Graces, and shunned the rude embraces of the man. Enraged, he attempted to tear away the veil; but scarce had he touched it when his rage subsided; he gazed on the woman with a look of humble supplication, and his voice assumed the soothing tones of persuasion.

Flora smiled upon them. "They are already happy," she said, and beckoned. Innumerable flowers bespangled the verdure of the earth, and a bower of roses sprung up around the lovers, and concealed them from the view of the gods. Ceres scattered her seed upon the ground, and blessed it. A rich harvest waved around the bower of roses, and the

boughs of the trees bent under a luxuriant load of ripe fruits.

Vulcan presented them with his fire and his arts. Juno spoke to Jupiter: "Thou hast given them life; I will multiply it." And since that time the gods have named her Lucina. Mars gave the man arms and courage. All the gods bestowed their choicest gifts upon the new-created beings. Prometheus received their favours with grateful satisfaction; and they re-ascended into the blissful mansions of heaven, pleased to leave behind them, upon their maternal earth, a happy human pair, beings like themselves.

Prometheus alone, tenderly solicitous for the happiness of his creation, penetrated into the solemn, mysterious cavern of all-ruling Fate, and besought the

mighty goddess to bestow a gift upon the new-created man that should tend to their happiness. The awful goddess smiled. "Be it so," she replied; "they shall be more bounteously favoured by me than by any other of the immortals. I will bestow upon them three gifts."

Prometheus thanked the stern goddess. "Spare thy thanks," she replied, "till thou knowest what my gifts shall be. They are not such gifts as the other gods bestow."

"The gods bestow nought but good," said Prometheus, doubtingly. "But name thy gifts, great goddess."

"The gods have given thy men the divine breath of life, and immortality to the children of clay. During one part of every day be the sensibility of man extinguished; let him lie bereft of all

his senses, unconscious of the light of the sun, of the expanded azure of the heavens, or the laughing verdure of the earth. Like an image of clay let him be extended, without any token of life, save the pulse and the heart."

"Tremendous deity!" exclaimed Prometheus, affrighted. "Wilt thou destroy what the gods have bounteously conferred? O leave to man the enjoyment of his life, the light of the sun, and the consciousness of his existence."

The goddess of destiny smiled. "I love man," she replied, in a tone of admonition; "it is in thy power whether or not thou wilt accept my gifts."

"Thy second gift?" great goddess.

"The gods gave to man that spark of divinity, thought. A portion of this faculty I will annihilate; I will give him

forgetfulness. A light veil shall half conceal the past from his retrospective glance: former scenes shall present themselves to his recollection indistinct and confused, like the dreams of the morning; not clear, lively, and distinct, as the past is viewed by the gods."

"O goddess! and thou sayest thou lovest man? I tremble to hear thy third gift."

"The gods gave man life. Let him enjoy it; but only for a period. Then shall death, my third gift, put an end to that life. The body, which thou hast formed, shall again return to dust, from whence it came. No more shall he be remembered upon earth; and the breath, which the gods have breathed into him, shall return again to the gods."

Prometheus trembled. "Wilt thou

not accept of my gifts?" continued calmly and sternly the goddess: "I revoke them. But know, that without them man cannot be happy. Shouldst thou ever hereafter desire them, call upon me. Fate is ever kind, and bestows her choicest favours even upon those that disregard them."

Prometheus retired from the cavern of Fate overwhelmed with grief. What a spectacle met his view! Under the shadow of the bower sat the man; at a little distance the woman. Their bodies of clay had sunk under the powers of that life infused into them by the gods. Their earthly part still painfully strove with the active energy of the breath of immortality breathed into them. Sighs arose from their oppressed bosoms. With anxious impatience they expected the

moment which should restore strength to their exhausted frames, to minister to their souls in grasping the enjoyment of existence. Dreadful were the hours of conscious imbecillity.

“ O goddess!” cried Prometheus, and extended his arms towards the cavern of Fate. A boy with a smiling countenance, and crowned with a garland of poppies, glided from the cavern through the air, holding in his hand an extinguished and inverted torch, the awful symbol of destruction amongst the gods. In gradually contracting circles he fluttered on pinions, whose motion was unaccompanied with the slightest noise, around the suffering pair; the lustre of their eyes gradually grew dimmer; their eye-lids at length involuntarily closed. Both sunk down upon the earth; and a moment’s

repose banished every sign of life from their countenances and languid members. They slept. Vanished was the painful sense of imbecillity joined to consciousness of existence. New vigour pervaded their limbs, and the moment of awaking restored to them the sense of renovated strength. Man gave thanks to the gods for the blessing of sleep.

They were now completely and long happy; and Prometheus desired not the remaining gifts of the goddess. The woman became a mother; lovely infants sported around them, and multiplied their felicity. The parents sat in their bower of roses, retracing the past scenes of their lives, and the comparison with the present was ever attended with pleasure. Their mutual affection daily increased, and was augmented by the re-

membrance of the first blissful hours of their existence. The first-born of a mother had now attained the years of youthful maturity. The impulse of nature led him into the arms of his sister ; and even Prometheus acknowledged, in their mutual passion, the image of that enamoured affection, which joined the first human pair. But in the first human pair he could no more discover the same warmth of tenderness. The fire that once glowed in their breasts had abated ; and by the time when the third generation of mankind had appeared on the earth, nothing remained to them but the remembrance of the blissful days of youthful vigour and extatic delights.

The parents of the human race sat mournfully together, unable to refrain from envy, when they contemplated the

fond raptures of the youths, and the yielding tenderness of the virgins. "Such we, too, were:" said the woman to the man. "That time, alas! is fled. How dead are now all our feelings, how extinguished all our powers! Accursed recollection of the scenes of our youth, now only a source of torment to us!" She sunk weeping upon the bosom of her partner, himself in need of consolation.

"O Fate, thy oracle is truth!" exclaimed Prometheus. Borne on a grey, shadowy cloud, a youth was wafted through the grove; his forehead encircled with night-shade, his garments new chequered with a motly mixture of gaudy hues, now appearing of a dusky cast, in which no particular colour could be accurately distinguished, and hovered over

the first human pair. A tranquil lustre beamed from his eyes, which were no sooner fixed upon them than all the vivid scenes of their youth were divested of their dazzling splendor, and, dimly seen from afar, they appeared to their recollection as enveloped in a cloudy veil. The joys of the present day seemed to afford them gratification equal to what they had derived from those of their youth. Their looks became serene, their bosoms tranquil. They enjoyed present pleasures without comparing them with those of past times, and the slight evils of the present day they endured without repining.

Prometheus now thought with dismay on the third gift of the goddess. The sixth generation of men already peopled the earth. The first of mankind gra-

dually decayed with age and weakness, like Tithonus, beloved of Aurora. Scarcely their voice was left them, and they themselves stretched out their hands to the gods, imploring them to take back the hated boon of immortality. Prometheus still dreaded to demand the third gift of Fate. At length he called upon death.

A beautiful youth, placid and gentle of mien, descended on Gossamer's wings, holding a torch almost extinguished in his hand. With mournful countenance he stood before the first human pair. Slowly he inverted his torch, and a smile, expressive of voluptuous delight, gleamed from the countenances of the first of mankind. The woman feebly pressed her partner's hand. "How well I feel!" she exclaimed. "I also," he replied,

and cast once more an expiring look of tenderness upon his coeval beloved.

The youth extinguished his torch. A mild paleness overspread the countenances of the dying pair; their eyes closed; a cold stiffness pervaded their members. Motion was no more; breath and pulse stopped. Prometheus dug a grave, and returned their dust to its parent earth. Mourning the dissolution of his beloved work, he quitted the earth, and descended into the realm of shades. His sorrow shunned the light of the sun.

Suddenly he saw hovering before him two shadowy forms, resemblances of the human beings he bewailed: they glided towards the streams of the lower world. The voice of Fate was heard: that the realm of shades should be the habitation of mankind after death, till

purified from earthly imperfections, they should be fit to ascend into the everlasting mansions of the gods.

Arm in arm the shades of the first of the dead glided along. They heard the voice of Fate, and a solemn tranquillity took place of every apprehension.

Prometheus returned to the earth, and announced to mankind the oracle of Fate. Since that time death became the scope of life, the reward of virtue; and temples were consecrated to the youth with the expiring torch. The principal of these was at Eleusis. In solemn, mysterious rites, men celebrated there that immortal life, which, sown like the grain of Ceres, in its terrestrial grave, germinates and vegetates until it reach the heavens.

HUMANITY

TOWARDS DUMB ANIMALS.

A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

TOMMY Darnley was a passionate little boy, though good natured enough when not in one of his humours. His papa saw him kick his spaniel dog one day for leaping up to play with him, and the poor dog cried, and hid himself under the table.

“ What did you kick the dog for ? ” says his papa.

“ Because,” said Tommy, “ I have my best clothes on.”

“ And how was the dog to know that, pray ? ” answered his papa.

“ But he would have dirtied me, if he did not know it,” cries Tommy.

“ And which was the worst,” replied his papa, “ to have had a spot of dirt upon your clothes, or to be guilty of a cruel action ?”

“ It was not cruel,” says Tommy. His papa immediately gave him a box on the ear, and Tommy roared out.

“ Now,” added his papa, “ you think it hard for me to give you a blow, though you have answered me saucily ; and was it not more so of you to hurt a poor dog, who came up to you in love ? Children who have no feeling for animals should be taught it by suffering themselves. I did not strike you because you answered me so disrespectfully, though this deserved punishment ; but it would have been a different kind of punishment, and I should have reasoned with you upon it ; but to inflict pain upon a faithful dog who

fawns upon you, deserves corporal pain ; and you may depend upon it, I will never pass by such a mark of bad disposition. Perhaps you will tell me, you did not think a kick would have hurt Rover so much ; but I struck you, that you may think of it next time you are going to kick him."

Here Mr. Darnley left the room, and Tommy, in the first moment of resentment, resolved to kick the dog again. He called the poor beast, who immediately came out, and licked his hand. Tommy was affected at this instance of affection in an unoffending creature, whom he was going to hurt in mere revenge, and his heart reproached him for his design. He patted Rover's head instead of kicking him ; and when he saw the poor dog hold up his leg which was

bruised before, he felt himself ashamed and sorry. When his papa returned, he found him sitting on the ground, with Rover in his lap.

“ I hope you are sensible of your fault,” says Mr. Darnley.

As one good action always leads to another, Tommy was inclined to confess to his papa his intention of beating Rover in revenge for his box on the ear; but he struggled some time with false shame.

“ Why don't you answer me ?” said his papa. Tommy sobbed, and continued silent, still caressing Rover. “ Well, I think I can see you are sorry,” cried Mr. Darnley, “ and I love you now.”

“ Oh, you never will,” says Tommy ; “ for I was going to beat poor Rover, because you beat me.”

“ And why did not you ?” returned his papa.

○ *Humanity towards Animals.*

“ Because he came and licked my hand as I held it up ! ”

“ Now you convince me,” said Mr. Darnley, “ that you are truly sorry, and this confession really makes me love you more. Had you struck Rover, I might not have known it, but your conscience would have made you unhappy ; and you must have known you had displeased God, who sees every thing, and who has placed a monitor in your own heart, which always will upbraid or applaud your conduct, even towards brutes.

“ You read in the Holy Scriptures, that the merciful man is merciful to his beast ; and there are some striking passages left upon record to teach us humanity to the animal creation. When Esau met his brother Jacob, and wanted him to take the journey together, after their reconci-

hation, Jacob told him, that besides the children being tender, that the *stocks and herds were with him, and were with young, and if the men should over-drive them one day, all the flock would die.* Genesis xxxiii. 13.

“ Amongst the reasons which Almighty God vouchsafes to give to Jonah for not destroying a great city, it is written, that besides six score thousand people who could not discern their right hand from their left, there was *also much cattle.*

“ A miracle once was wrought to rebuke inhumanity as well as disobedience: God opened the mouth of an ass to rebuke Balaam, whilst his angel stands by, and asks him why he had smitten his ass three times ?

“ Cruelty is a great crime in the sight of our heavenly Father, whose tender

mercies are over all his works: we are sent into this world to make every thing as happy as we can about us, and God has ordained that *this* shall be the source of our own happiness. If you behave ill to your playfellows, if you are disobedient to me, if you torment harmless dumb animals, you cannot fail to be unhappy yourself.

“There is but one way of correcting what is wrong in our tempers, and that is, to pray to God for grace. Whenever you are going to do what is wrong, lift up your heart to your Father who is in heaven, and beg of him to preserve you from doing it, and you will find immediately good thoughts arise in your mind, and the inclination to commit any fault will be taken away, and you will be the care of good angels, though you cannot

see them, who will protect you by night and by day, skreen you from the storms of passion, and the evils of life !”

LEARNING IN YOUTH

THE HIGH ROAD TO PREFERMENT.

FRANCIS De Beauchateau, son of a player of the same name, was born at Paris in 1645, and died at sea at the age of fifteen.

The biographers of this young man have represented him as a most accomplished character, equally excellent in heart and understanding. What is remarkable, and well worthy the attention of persons of a tardy genius is, that he was very slow in learning; but what he wanted in promptitude, he supplied by labour and constant application. It was thus that he became learned almost in his cradle. His father spared nothing that

might contribute either to his instruction or the formation of his manners. Although the profession of a player is one which does not always admit of a very regular mode of life, he thought nothing too much for his son, and employed the greater part of his salary in procuring for him the best masters in every department. His wife, who also was a player, did not hesitate to make the same sacrifices on her part. She more than once sold her trinkets, and confined herself to the most simple dresses, to concur in the designs of her husband, whom she sincerely loved. The young pupil fully answered to these tender cares, and largely contributed to the happiness of his parents, both by his progress in learning and the amiable qualities of his heart.

Nothing serves more to enlarge the mind than to adorn the memory with chosen passages, whether in prose or verse. This method, now too much neglected, was formerly employed with success in the liberal studies. Although somewhat slow of conception, Beauchateau read and wrote passably in his fifth year; and he knew by heart, and recited with correctness, the best of La Fontaine's fables. What so much hastened his progress was, that his masters never gave him a line to learn without previously explaining to him the literal or figurative sense of the words, and giving him an exact definition of them. He who knows well how to choose his times, and to manage his means, will find himself able to do a great many things without extraordinary efforts. Although little Francis

did not study three hours a day in all, yet in his eighth year he already understood the best Greek, and Latin authors; he translated them very well at sight, because he had been taught these difficult languages after the manner of Montaigne's father, that is, chiefly by use and by conversation, which saves the insurmountable disgust caused by a multitude of abstract principles and perplexing rules.

We commonly consider those premature geniuses, who display the knowledge of men while yet in leading-strings, as phenomena; let us cease to wonder; patience, and sound principles of education accomplish every thing, and supply the defects of nature. Like those stony and ungrateful soils, which stubborn labour at length succeeds in rendering fertile, the most unpromising understandings

may be formed by means of assiduous cultivation. With a few exceptions, what has already been learned by one individual, another is equally capable of knowing. Where invention is not the point, nothing but time is necessary; every thing depends on the method and ability of the masters. The languages are the keys of human knowledge; he who possesses several of them, possesses also several means of instruction. Besides Greek and Latin, those two bases of the liberal studies, young Beauchateau also applied himself to the Spanish and Italian, which were then spoken by well educated people of fashion. In his eleventh year he was so well versed in these two fine languages of the south, that he would not have needed an interpreter at Madrid or Florence.

It is not sufficient to make a deep and constant study of literature, to pass much time in reading the best authors, in order to form a complete scholar; the pupil ought to try his own powers, and be able to execute in his turn. The instructors of our young scholar did not forget to accustom their docile pupil to translate a great deal, and to extract the best passages from his reading; and they exercised him particularly in composing on all sorts of subjects, both in prose and verse.

Versification is, I know not why, a talent entirely neglected in education, both public and private. It is, however, very useful in forming the style; nothing sharpens the wit more, nothing contributes more to give grace, energy, or ingenuity to the thoughts. By means of turning verses little Beauchateau learned to make

very pretty ones ; and he soon acquired a certain degree of reputation in this charming art. The productions of the nascent poet did not savour of the weakness of his age.

Equally full of sense, of vigour, and of fancy, they passed from the capital to the provinces ; and it could scarcely be believed that they were the work of a child. Many considerable people, wishing to assure themselves of the truth, invited the father of little Francis to bring his son to them, that they might hear him talk, and judge for themselves of the things that were related of him on all sides. Their satisfaction equalled their surprize at the first interview. They were enchanted, and did not hesitate to allow the superiority of a careful and systematic education, over those superficial and de-

tached notions which persons commonly content themselves with giving to youth.

Anne of Austria, the mother of Lewis Fourteenth, was also very curious to see the celebrated child. Having sent for him to the *Louvre*, she asked him questions on various subjects, which he answered with equal ease and precision.

“How is it,” asked the princess, “that you can have so much wit and knowledge at your age?” “O,” replied the young poet, “when we approach the gods of the earth, and above all beauty, it would be difficult not to have them.”

Flattered with the repartee, the queen embraced the child, and dismissed him loaded with rich presents, among which was a box for sugar-plumbs, adorned with precious stones.

Cardinal Mazarine, Chancellor Seguier, and many other great people, used to amuse themselves with sending for little Beauchateau, giving him a subject for his muse, and shutting him up till he had performed his task, which he never failed to do very much to their satisfaction.

As Francis de Beauchateau began his classical studies very early, and improved with great assiduity the precious moments of youth, at thirteen or fourteen years of age he had scarcely any thing more to learn. It was about this time that he revised his poetical compositions, and caused them to be printed, under the title of, "The Muse of Little Beauchateau." They were adorned with the portraits of the great men and distinguished ladies whom he had celebrated, and this first edition met with a very rapid sale; since

all parents were pleased to present to their children the works of so young a poet, as an encouragement to the love of the arts and of fame.

Every thing depends on the first impulse given to the human mind. Science and information were become things of absolute necessity to this illustrious child, whose life is so worthy to be written. The English tongue was not at all in vogue in his time, yet he applied to it with ardour, and enabled himself both to understand and to speak it. In order to make himself more perfect in it, he obtained permission of his father to go and spend some months in England; and he set out with the French ambassador, to whom he had been recommended.

On his arrival at London, Beauchateau was received by a crowd of persons of

rank, and by the Protector himself, with the same distinction as at the court of Lewis Fourteenth. He was of a slender shape, and very little; and although of a good constitution, at thirteen he did not appear to be more than nine or ten years old; a circumstance which added still more to the reputation of his talents. This uncommon youth was also of an engaging appearance, and the sweetness of his disposition answered to this agreeable advantage of nature. The most noble and beautiful ladies contended for the pleasure of entertaining this delightful child. They sometimes placed him on their knees, where he more than once composed verses full of point and gaiety.

Little Beauchateau was not fourteen at the time of his voyage to England, yet he was at the summit of his reputation.

At this period, still devoured with the thirst of knowledge, he embarked at Plymouth to go into Persia, with two learned geometricians from Oxford.

It has been insinuated that this fine genius had the intention of sacrificing the muses to Plutus, but surely this suspicion is unfounded. If he had felt the passion for riches, he might amply have satisfied it in the bosom of his country; for, before his departute, it is certain that offices, no less lucrative than easy to be filled, had been offered to his acceptance.

It is conjectured, with more probability, that this literary phenomenon had the intention of studying the oriental languages; he had shown a taste for them from his childhood, and he took singular pleasure in hearing Turks or Persians converse. However this may be, Beau-

chateau put to sea in 1660; the ship which carried him was assailed by a dreadful tempest the second day after their departure. The crew, much distressed, saved themselves with the greatest difficulty. Many persons were drowned by throwing themselves into a vessel, which afterwards sunk; and it is presumed that the unfortunate child was of this number, for nothing was heard of him afterwards.

Knowledge and abilities are a powerful recommendation of themselves; but it is desirable that they should be free from all affectation, and accompanied by genuine modesty. The possessor should, in some sort, be ignorant of them; he should devote them with the greatest politeness and willingness to the amusement

of society, otherwise they produce a contrary effect as too often happens.

The actor, Beauchateau, in procuring a good education for his son, was, above all, solicitous that he should by no means value himself upon it. Indeed, though little Beauchateau had the science of an academician, he had all the simplicity of other children; he whipped his top with them, he played about in the same manner, and never thought of displaying either his wit or his knowledge.

One day his father took him to dine at the house of a rich man, where there were several children of his own age. During a great part of the entertainment the conversation turned successively on poetry, on music, and on the Spanish language, which was then very much in fashion. Some ladies, more learned than those of

our days, quoted some passages, which raised a dispute on the sources from which they were taken. Though little Francis knew them perfectly well, he took no notice of it, and chatted quietly with the children of his own age. Dinner being ended, music was mentioned, and the young ladies were requested to touch the harpsichord. They placed themselves, not without a great deal of pressing, at the instrument. After having poorly executed some very easy pieces, they were much applauded, and appeared very vain of their little success. Beauchateau, who played very well, remained, however, easy and quiet by the side of his father, so that the company were far from suspecting that he was able to obtain the same applause as the young ladies. As these things were going on,

Pazzirini, the famous Tuscan violin player, came in. He knew Francis, whom he had frequently seen at concerts, and with whom he loved to speak Italian. "What!" cried the musician, "you do not play, my friend. Ah, you are a little rogue to deprive the company of the pleasure of hearing you!" All eyes were then turned on the child, who remained quite confounded with the compliment. He was entreated to sit down to the harpsichord, which he did with the most perfect modesty, accompanying the instrument in several Spanish songs, which he sung with equal taste and intelligence. When he had done playing, the ladies loaded him with caresses. They then addressed him in Spanish and Italian. He answered them in the same languages; he even spoke of the manners, customs,

and government of those countries, in such a manner, that none could be weary of hearing him. Every one was delighted, and knew not which to admire most, such rare talents, or so much discretion at so tender an age.

The poetry of Beauchateau is characterized by gaiety and playfulness of fancy. Some verses, published in a "*Mercure Galant*" of that day, will serve as a specimen of his sportive vein. They were addressed to the daughter of a confectioner, residing opposite to the college of Cardinal le Moine, where Beauchateau finished his studies. Her name was Julianne Desormeaux, she was very well educated, and almost as much celebrated for talents as himself.

What conquering charms, fair Julia, wait on thee,
Song, dance, and graceful speech in thee combine;
To touch thy heart how happy should I be!
Still more to touch thy orange-cakes divine!

Sitting one day on the lap of Lord C.'s mistress, Henrietta of Windsor, who asked him for some verses, he made the following impromptu, in French and English :

Plac'd on your knee I feel the gods inspire,
Your charms a thousand lays demand ;
But while Apollo tunes my lyre,
My heart is pierc'd by Cupid's hand.

THE
LITTLE BOYS OF AUVERGNE.

THE childhood of a man is a mirror in which, with more observing eyes, we might see his whole life in miniature. The dispositions which imagination engraves on our hearts at an early age, grow with us, and it is afterwards very difficult to subdue them.

That child who regarded the glittering of gold with so much complacency, who amassed his sweetmeats with a greedy hand, who saw with an envious eye all that was given to others, who made a sport of theft and lying, who counted over and over the money that he received for Christmas boxes; that child who was able to learn no art but the art of computation,

is to-day a miser, and lends at sixty per cent.

When you see the elegant Jésamine bearing about his idleness and arrogance from circle to circle, you remark what he was in his childhood. The pretty little master rolled proudly along, drawn by his companions in a fine gilded coach. He got his nurse to carry him before a looking-glass, where he smiled with pleasure, and stroaked his smooth chin with his hand : he eat, played, slept, and chattered, but he never thought.

I recollect an anecdote on this subject, which naturally finds its place here.

Some years ago, travelling among the mountains of “ Auvergne,” I saw, in the neighbourhood of a poor looking village, four little boys, who were playing together. As I have always felt myself,

very much interested by children, I approached them. I joined in a little conversation with them; and wishing to leave them a slight remembrance of my passage and my visit, I drew some pieces of money from my pocket, which I presented to them in turn. "Here, my friend," said I to the first, "take this." The child took it with joy. I was curious to know the use he would make of it. "What will you do with it?" said I to him. "I will buy apples with it on Sunday," he replied directly.

I presented my penny-piece to the second, and asking him too what he would do with it; "I will keep it," he answered, and put it in his pocket with an air of mystery.

I approached the third, who held down his head through timidity. "Here,

my boy," said I, " I have got something for you." He took the money, and immediately slipped away. I observed him: he went strait to the door of a neighbouring cottage, in which was a woman, and cried out: " Mother, do you see that gentleman below there? Look what he has just given me."

I had still one child to satisfy. " Come," said I, " now it is your turn, and you shall not have less than the others. Take this money." " I will not," replied he: and, in fact, I found it impossible to make him accept of it.

In the mean time the third of the lads returned to me with his mother, who thanked me with the smile of gratitude. I congratulated her on having so tender a son; and, on quitting the village, I said within myself, " You leave here, in

these four children, four very different characters : a very common one in him who keeps his money to buy fruit with on Sunday ; a proud one in him who will accept nothing from you ; an avaricious one in him who only takes your money to hoard it. But may God bless the sensibility of him who, from his childhood, chooses his mother for the confident of his smallest actions, and has not a pleasure but what he wishes her to partake of."

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION,

A TALE, BY A. K.

Example strikes where precept fails,
For sermons are less read than tales.

I AM not going to enquire whether moral depravity is more general, virtue more frequently oppressed, or vice held in less detestation, than at any former period of time. It appears to me, that vice and error have ever held almost unlimited dominion over the human race, and, shackled by their morbid influence, the best feelings of the soul, to resist the allurements of vice, when arrayed in the seductive habiliments of pleasure, and assuming the soft voice of invitation, is, perhaps, a task of some difficulty. Yet,

my young readers, think, before you give your minds up to the dangerous and transient enjoyment of sense, that vice, if not early resisted, is seldom subdued. I shall endeavour to prove the truth of my assertion by a melancholy tale—no fiction—but a serious and unfortunate fact.

Frederick Lawson was the only son of good, but indigent family, who, relying on the promise of friends, educated him for the church. On quitting college, a maternal aunt invited him to take up his residence with her, until he could be otherwise provided for; a friend of hers was a dignitary in the church, and he had assured her that he would attend to the interest of her nephew; replying on this promise, and extremely anxious for his future welfare, Mrs. Freeman generously supplied him with the means of

mixing with such society as his family connections and future expectations entitled him to. In the presence of the young, the gay, and the dissipated, he too frequently forgot the sanctity of that character he was intended to occupy; pleasure opened her thousand sources, and he freely drank of the inebriating draught; and, if conscience, sometimes, in a casual pause from folly, attempted to be heard, her voice was silenced by the sneer of ridicule, the clamour of fashion, or the force of example.

The winter, for it was autumn when he arrived in London, passed rapidly away, spring advanced, and the bishop, who was about to retire to his episcopal seat, summoned Frederick to attend him there as domestic chaplain; he soon found himself very agreeably situated—he

was treated by his patron with great kindness, and by his family with respect. Two young gentlemen, nephews of the prelate, were entrusted to his care; they were lively good-humoured boys, who soon became very strongly attached to him, for his manners were both pleasant and insinuating. In the excursions which he daily made with his pupils, in the vicinity of the Priory, they, by their uncle's orders, used to call frequently among the peasantry, to view their manner of life, enquire into their wants, and make little presents among the children. In one of these benevolent rambles, they were smitten by the appearance of a cottage, which, for neatness and rusticity, seemed to emulate the simplicity of ancient days; a low hedge of sweet-briar and hawthorn, carefully trimmed, se-

parated it from a wild and extensive common, around which was scattered a few straggling hamlets; the garden, which fronted the cottage, was not extensive, but prettily laid out in small beds of flowers, shrubs, and odoriferous herbs, which mixing their sweets with the wild thyme that grew profusely on the heath, gave a balmy fragrance to the air, and an exhilarating sensation to the heart; up the white front of the cottage, the luxuriant honeysuckle mixed its pliant tendrils with those of the vine; near the door stood an antique elm, whose bold projecting branches denoted that it had flourished there long before the present inhabitants of the cottage had been called into being, a rustic seat of turf was formed beneath it, on which sat a young woman knitting, and caroling a sweet and

plaintive ditty, unconscious of being observed. Frederick opened a wicket, which led through the garden to the cottage, without thinking that he might possibly obtrude on persons who wished to remain unknown; the idea occurred just as he had reached the tree, it was then too late to recede, as his appearance had alarmed the young woman, who threw down her work in confusion, and hastily retired; at the same time a neat old woman, of chearful aspect, advanced from the cottage, and civilly invited them to enter. This they declined, but seating themselves without ceremony beneath the tree, began to talk with the old lady, who was very communicative on the situation of her family. They learnt that she was grandmother to the young woman they had seen, whose father was recently de-

ceased, he had occupied a small farm, which they at his death, for want of friends to assist them, had been obliged to quit. Maria, so was the young woman called, had one brother, a bold eccentric lad, who quitted home in disgust after the death of his father, and entered himself for a sailor on board a king's ship; they were in great anxiety for his safety, and utterly unacquainted with his present destination, though they knew he had left England.

Frederick asked what ship he was on board of—the Lion, answered the grandmother. Frederick promised to make enquiries where the Lion was stationed, and likewise to gain intelligence whether the ship had been in action since her grandson had been on board. This condescending goodness quite charmed the

unsuspecting cottager, she eagerly called Maria to come forward, who, advancing with timidity, was informed of the kindness of the good young gentleman, and desired to gather him the best nosegay the garden afforded. With this request she complied, and mixing the flowers with taste and judgment, presented each with a small *bouquet*; they soon after departed, leaving the cottagers much impressed in their favour.

Frederick, though extremely loose in his principles, was not deficient in good-nature—he set instantly about the proposed inquiries, and learnt that the *Lion* was stationed in the West Indies—that her crew had suffered dreadfully from epidemic sickness, and that the brother of Maria was one of the unfortunate victims of its fury. This unwelcome intelligence

he communicated as gently as possible to the inhabitants of the cottage. Maria's tears flowed copiously, and greatly relieved the agonies of her feeling heart—but her aged parent had no such resource—grief, for the death of her son, and the departure of her grandson, had before exhausted them—she could not shed a tear—she did not utter a complaint. “I had hoped that Henry would have returned,” said she, “to bless my age, and guard Maria's youth—but Heaven's will be done.”—“My dear grandmother,” cried the affectionate girl, “do not grieve—I can work, both for myself and you.”—“My aunt will assist you,” cried the elder of the Fitzcary's, who had accompanied Frederick on this unpleasant errand, “I am sure she will—do not weep

Maria..we will call again to-morrow.” In saying this, he took the arm of Frederick, and they quitted the cottage. On arriving at the Priory, Mrs. Fitzcary was applied to by her nephew for the relief of Maria—she commissioned him to make her a moderate present—promised to enquire more minutely into their character and circumstances—and then dismissed him. In the mean time, Frederick, under the pretence of writing letters, had withdrew to his chamber—he there pondered on the situation of Maria, and curst fortune most vehemently for not placing it in his power to serve so interesting an object—I can, however, advise her under difficulties, and comfort her under afflictions, thought he—and, in the midst of his zeal to serve her, he sought Fitzcary, who communicated to

him the commission he had received from his aunt—they mutually agreed to visit the cottagers the following morning, and, if the old lady was sufficiently at ease to bear so painful a conversation, to inquire minutely into their circumstances, in hopes of procuring for them some permanent relief. Early the ensuing day they set forward on their errand, and, on their arrival, saw only Maria, from whom they learnt that her grandmother was confined to her bed with a most severe indisposition. “How long has she been ill?” asked Fitzcary.—“She was taken in the night,” was the reply.—“Have you had any medical assistance?”—“No, (said Maria, mournfully) I have been to Doctor Bolus, who said he would call when he came this way; but as that may not be for three or four days, my

poor grandmother may be dead by that time.”—“ Good heavens ! (exclaimed Fitzcary,) what monstrous brutality—I will go to him, Maria, and bring him back with me;” in so saying, he set off for the village with all the speed he could make. During his absence Frederick drew from Maria a confession, “ that all their hopes of subsistence was drawn from labour—her grandmother spun—she knit—and their united efforts barely procured them bread.”—“ But your cottage,”—— “ Was my mother’s,” said Maria—“ Then of course it is now your’s,” said Frederick—“ Yes, (said Maria) worse luck it is—for it will not make me amends for the loss of my poor brother.” Just as she had concluded her sentence, Fitzcary returned, bringing Doctor Bolus, who, though he could not

come to the poor cottager, made no difficulty of attending the bishop's nephew. He examined the patient with much apparent attention—asked an hundred unnecessary questions—flourished through a routine of technical phrases—then gravely pronounced the patient suffering under a stroke of the palsy, which was incurable. “But can you not relieve her, doctor,” asked Frederick.—“That, sir, is very doubtful in cases of this description—and medicine now is very expensive,” laying a strong emphasis on the last sentence. \“Oh, I will pay you,” cried Fitzcary, with all the ardour of youth. “Then, sir, I am in duty bound (said the pliant doctor) to exert my best abilities for the service of the patient—and you may depend on it, no attention shall be wanted.” In saying

this, he departed with a strut of medical importance. Fitzcary then dropped his aunt's present into the hands of Maria—and they again quitted the cottage. In the course of a few days Mrs. Fitzcary had made the necessary inquiries into the character of our cottagers, which was so much in their favour, that she determined on affording them her protection through their present difficulties. For this purpose, she visited them, attended only by her own woman—and being much pleased with the person and manners of Maria, interested herself greatly in her concerns—advised her not to encourage the young men in their visits to the cottage, as it was highly improper that they should be in the habit of coming there during the illness of her grandmother. Maria, whose artless bosom

glowed with the pure flame of gratitude, warmly applauded their benevolence—and, with all the simplicity of unsophisticated youth, assured her benefactress that they came there only out of compassion and good will to her grandmother. Mrs. Fitzcary smiled, and shook her head, saying, “ My good girl, when you know more of the world, you will not think an old woman the only object of benevolence to young men—I can believe that they are sorry for your grandmother’s misfortune—but I do not think, had she been alone, that Mr. Lawson would ever have enquired into them—as to my nephew, his youth and inexperience may lead him into many improprieties, of which he will not suspect the consequence; I shall, therefore, take upon me to insist on his refraining from coming

hither—over the conduct of Mr. Lawson I have no such power, and if I had, I have no wish to exert it—I expect that your reserve and prudence, together with his own sense of decorum, will prevent him from repeating his visits, without my appearing to interfere in it.” Maria curtsied in silence—and Mrs. Fitzcary departed—though not till she had informed Maria that she should send a person to assist in taking care of her grandmother, who was now so helpless as to be unable to move herself. For this purpose, an elderly woman was procured from the hamlet—necessaries were regularly sent from the Priory—and poor Maria again breathed with comparative tranquillity—she reassumed her old habits of industry—knit all day, and weeded her garden in the evening. Fitzcary never came to

the cottage—and Frederick but seldom—his stay was always short, and his conversation so polite and interesting, that Maria, though she wished to execute the desires of her benefactress, could never assume sufficient reserve to indicate that she was offended at his attentions. As for Frederick, on his first setting out, we have seen that he thought himself solely actuated by benevolence—but alas! the sequel proves that vanity, and a love of intrigue, were the main springs of his actions. Maria, though not beautiful, was pretty and interesting and more to his taste than any female he had seen in that part of the world—add to this, that her extreme agitation on his appearance—which all his condescension could not remove, flattered his pride, and led him to think that he had made an impres-

sion on her heart, that she in vain endeavoured to eradicate. The good woman who was appointed to assist, one day urged her rather warmly not to see Mr. Lawson when he next called, or else to tell him that his appearance there subjected her to the censure of the hamlet—which in fact was the truth. Maria, who was indeed heart-stricken, replied only by her tears. At this critical moment Frederick made his appearance—her companion instantly withdrew—and the confusion of Maria increased.—Frederick pressed her anxiously, tenderly pressed her, to unfold the cause of her uneasiness —“ Is your grandmother worse ? ” — “ No. ” “ Do you want for any thing ? ” — “ Oh no. ” “ Why then do you weep ? ” — “ Because I am wretched ! ” cried Maria, with an energy of expression

he had not supposed her capable of exerting. “Wretched! and not confide the cause of your anxiety to one who would die to remove it.”—Words cost nothing, and none knew better than Frederick when, and where, to apply them. A modern fair one, perhaps, might have taken them at their proper value, and rated them for nothing—but with Maria, unhacknied in the world’s loose acceptance of terms, they passed for sterling gold.—“My neighbours, (said she, in extreme agitation) have noticed your visits—they say I shall lose my character—my grandmother will soon die—and what then will become of me.”—“I will protect you, (cried Frederick) no one shall either injure or insult you.”—Maria shook her head. “Am I not your friend, Maria?”—“I believe you are;

but".—— " But what."—" People say no good will come of your friendship." " Indeed, (cried Frederick, in a tone of vexation) and do you doubt my friendship?" Maria, who just then recollected Mrs. Fitzcary's words, remained silent. " Cruel girl, (he continued) you doubt my honour. Farewell, Maria, when next we meet, you may think me worthy of your confidence."—In saying this, he quitted her hand, which he had before taken, and walked hastily towards the door. " Oh, do not go in anger, (cried Maria) if we are to part, let it be without ill-will. I am sensible that I can never repay your kindness, and am therefore the more bound to esteem and honour you—I am sure I did not mean to offend you."—" I am not angry, (cried Frederick, returning) and I am inclined to

hope that you have uttered the sentiments of others, rather than the wishes of your own heart." The tender confusion of Maria confirmed his opinion—and he seized that heedless moment to persuade her that private meeting, as opportunity might offer, would add to his happiness, without injuring her character. She submitted her conduct, with ill-fated confidence, to his direction, and their meetings were conducted so secretly, that no one suspected them.

As soon as the decease of the aged cottager was announced at the Priory, Mrs. Fitzcary humanely gave orders for the funeral; which was conducted in a decent and simple way—poor Maria was by her benevolent benefactress provided with mourning suitable to her circumstances; and as she thought it im-

proper for her to continue alone at the cottage, she offered her a residence at the Priory till such time as she could otherwise provide for her—which Maria gladly accepted. When domesticated in the household of Mrs. Fitzcary, her employment was easy, and her situation in every respect comfortable; the only restraint she lay under was, that of keeping herself as much as possible out of the way of gentlemen; and never, if by chance she saw them, to hold any conversation with them; these injunctions Mrs. Fitzcary laid on her in a solemn and impressive manner, at the same time adding many serious admonitions for her future conduct—poor Maria's cheeks were tinged with blushes, as she listened in silent but profound attention to the discourse of her benefactress—she continued for several weeks to abide

by the instructions she had received—to weep unobserved was the greatest luxury she enjoyed, and regret at being denied the sight of Frederick, mixed with the tears which the impulse of nature occasioned her to shed, for the loss of her parent. One delightful evening towards the decline of the summer, being oppressed with a heaviness of spirits, brought on by close application to sedentary employment, Maria strolled into the park to relieve the lassitude that had crept over her—Mrs. Fitzcary had a large party in the drawing-room, who were then taking tea—apprised of this circumstance she flattered herself that she should enjoy an hours relaxation unobserved—she wandered for some time pensively through the rich and picturesque scenery that surrounded the Priory, without seeing a

human being—at length, a seat under a majestic oak, invited her attention—she advanced towards it, part of it was concealed from her observation, owing to its being of circular form, and standing surrounded by a clump of furs, as she approached, she observed a figure reading—her heart beat violently—two seconds more convinced her that it was Frederick—she paused, breathless with expectation, terror, and uncertainty—she looked anxiously around—no living soul was near, this is the moment thought Maria to thank him once more for all his kindness, and bid him farewell for ever—this thought was no sooner conceived than it was executed—and as Maria advanced with trembling steps and agitated heart—Frederick raised his eyes from the book, and no sooner saw Maria, than he threw

it violently from him, and hastily advanced to meet her—at that moment the restrictions and solemn admonitions of Mrs. Fitzcary rushed upon her memory, and she answered the rapturous exclamations of Frederick with sobs and tears—his tender complaints at being so long denied the sight of her, excited her warmest gratitude—and with her natural frankness she informed him, of Mrs. Fitzcary's commands. Soothed by his caresses, her spirits became more cheerful, and she related to him without reserve, all the particulars of her situation—in which he affected to find a great deal to pity, and something to complain of—he tenderly insinuated that such close confinement would be injurious to her health; that it was at her age unnatural to expect that she should so strictly abide by

the frigid rules of prudence—and voluntarily exclude herself from the society of a friend, so much interested for her happiness as he was—"but Mrs. Fitzcary says, my reputation will be injured," cried his artless *companion*. Ah! Maria, replied Frederick, how little does Mrs. Fitzcary know my heart; and how injurious are her suspicions of my principles.—I am your friend, Maria,—and, under that sacred name, your character is sure—I will neither injure your reputation, or trifle with your peace—to all these fine professions, Maria paid implicit confidence—their walk was protracted far beyond the time that she had intended staying out—and even when they separated with reluctance from each other—and Frederick extorted a promise from her of seeing her again the following even-

ing, if she could make her escape, unobserved from the house—which he then entered by a public avenue fronting the lawn, while Maria, by an obscure passage gained her own chamber—without encountering either inquiry or interruption, when alone, her tears flowed anew at the recollection of her own imprudence—she pictured to herself the severe and majestic look of her benefactress—frowning on her temerity—but how eagerly did her imagination quit that oppressive subject, to revel on the tenderness, the raptures, and the caresses of Frederick—sleep favoured the pretended absent friend—and fancy spread her gay delusions over the imaginations of Maria—She fancied Frederick was leading her through flowery vales and delightful meadows, at one time he was pointing out a precipice

that might have been fatal, and at another protecting her from the assaults of danger, at the hazard of his life—the morning aroused her from these illusive visions—she arose unrefreshed, and performed her accustomed occupations with more reluctance than usual—the evening came, her spirits again experienced a most painful degree of agitation; prudence, and the dread of Mrs. Fitzcary's anger, combated for some time the imperious voice of inclination, and might have been finally triumphant—if a soft tap at the chamber door, which was the appointed signal agreed on, had not informed her, that Frederick was hastening to the spot appointed for their meeting; prudence and terror yielded to the wild impulse of desire—she tied on her bonnet, and stole softly from the house—another—and

another meeting succeeded ; poor Maria was gradually led on step by step, into the mazes of error—her whole soul was absorbed by the tenderness of Frederick. She considered no sacrifice too great to reward a love that seemed to her so disinterested as his—nor did she awake from the inebriating delusion, into which illicit love, and artful passion had steeped her senses—till cold indifference convinced her of the fatal error into which she had fallen—she was now frequently first at the place of meeting—generally the last to quit the fatal spot—where Frederick had often vowed never—never more to forsake her—if she wept, he no longer regarded her tears—if she implored him to protect her—he calmly desired her to compose her spirits, and keep their secret close in her own bosom, till time should

enable him to remove her, should there hereafter be occasion for such a measure—at length he hinted, that it would be most prudent for them to meet less frequent—as he feared their interviews had been by some means or other betrayed to the family—poor Maria trembled—then all is over, and Mrs. Fitzcary will abandon me. O! do not forsake me, do not leave me a wretch exposed to the wild insults of an unpitying world—be calm, cried Frederick coolly; I never dreamt of deserting you—but you must be prudent, our situation is most delicate—I have not the means of providing for you—all my hopes hang on the Bishop's patronage: would you, Maria, destroy my hopes—and blight those future prospects—this appeal to the generosity of Maria, darted with the rapidity of lightning through

her feeling frame—and discarding every selfish consideration, she bade him only consult his own interest, and leave her to *providence*—now you are a reasonable girl, said he, embracing her with more than usual tenderness—abide by my directions, and all will be very well. They separated, poor Maria to brood in sorrow over her approaching infamy—and Frederick to plan new conquests.—Soon after this meeting, as the season was far advanced, the family repaired to London; Maria saw them depart with an aching heart, Frederick saw her for a few minutes only, he promised to write to her by the next post, after his arrival at the metropolis, and to lay a plan for her private departure from the Priory, before her situation should become public—poor consolation for a wounded heart. Maria,

however, did not complain, her grief was too violent to vent itself into words—she suffered in silence, her health declined, and even hope had deserted her; post after post arrived, but no letter, and poor Maria waited with a kind of apathy for her disclosure. At length the housekeeper at the Priory to whose care Mrs. Fitzcary had confided her, suspected the cause of her long, though silent sorrow—when questioned by her, Maria confessed the real state of her situation; but refused, steadily refused to name the seducer of her heart—Mrs. Milbank, (for that was the housekeeper's name) knew not in what manner to proceed—to keep the affair a secret, was impossible—and to write to Mrs. Fitzcary, might, she feared, offend her—in this dilemma, she consulted first with one friend, and then with

another: till poor Maria's shame became as public, to use a common metaphor, as the noon-day sun—it was officiously transmitted to her benefactress—from whom an order arrived, for her instantly to quit the Priory, and to repair to her own cottage—poor Maria obeyed in silence—she returned to weep and work, in her now miserable home. Mrs. Fitzcary, however, in the midst of anger, had remembered mercy—she gave orders that Maria should be provided both with necessaries and attendance—and guessing but too truly who was the destroyer of her innocence—out of regard to his family, she prevented any legal inquiry from being made—by undertaking to provide both for the mother and the infant, should it survive—but this kindness, though Maria was not insensible to it, could not remove the

weight of anguish that oppressed her heart—which way ever she turned, some object or other reminded her of her former contentment and innocence, while busy meddling memory presented to her hands, the bitter cup of sorrow and remorse—deserted by the gay companions of her youth, many of whom so far from pitying her misfortunes—with all the rancour of little minds, triumphed in her shame—while aged matrons with unfeeling caution, held her ruined name up as a warning and beacon to their simple descendants—who, because they had never been exposed to similar temptations, fancied themselves more virtuous and invulnerable than their fallen associate.

While things were passing in this manner in the country—let us take a cursory review of Frederick's conduct in London,

Soon after the arrival of the prelate's family, Miss Fitzcary, a fashionable fair one, and sister to the young gentleman of that name, became an intimate of the family—their mother was dead—and their father had been some years abroad, in a public station—they had in consequence been intrusted to the care of their uncle—when Frederick first took up his residence in the prelate's family—Miss Fitzcary was in the north, on a visit to a relation—from whence she was just arrived—Phillippina, (for such was her name) was very lively and good-humoured, but extremely vain—vast sums had been expended on her education, to very little purpose—her accomplishments were merely superficial; for she had ever detested application to books, deeming it highly absurd for a woman of fashion to

trouble herself about any knowledge, but such as led to the improvement of her person—the regulations of an assembly, the rules of precedence, and the conquest of hearts—in all these important sciences the fair Phillippina was a perfect adept—as she was extremely open to flattery, Frederick felt no difficulty in making himself agreeable to her—he studied her humours, approved her sentiments, however ridiculous—adopted her prejudices—vowed she was fairer than Helen—more graceful than Venus—as majestic as Juno—but, ah! he feared, cold and unfeeling, as the severe goddess of the bow; when a woman can listen with complacency to such absurd nonsense, there is no act of folly, however ridiculous, that you may not expect her to commit. Accordingly, we find her after a few weeks acquaintance—

in which Frederick had run through the heart-rending catalogue of flames, darts, dying, and despair — preparing for an elopement to the land of Hymen, for both well knew all application to friends would have been ineffectual ; while engaged in this pursuit, poor Maria was forgotten. It was at this time Mrs. Fitzcary became acquainted with Maria's misfortunes ; she had her suspicions we have before seen, but she confined them to her own bosom, out of tenderness to the family of Frederick, whom she well knew, could not, without embarrassing themselves, provide for the maintenance of Maria—and she feared, if she was thrown upon the bounty of Frederick, whose pursuits were more expensive than his situation warranted, that she would sink, gradually from distress to misery,

154. *Fatal Effects of Seduction.*

till at last there would be no resource—unhoused, unfriended, but the dreadful vortex of prostitution. While Mrs. Fitzcary, though greatly offended at Maria's conduct, and sorely wounded by the baseness of Frederick, was humanely planning to serve them both, and to shun the calamity that might have followed, had his conduct been made public. Frederick was congratulating himself that he had got so easily rid of an affair that he began to fear would have been very troublesome to him—he supposed that with respect to a certain circumstance, Maria had been deceived ; and as to her feelings, on being betrayed and deserted, these were subjects he seldom condescended to think on. In short, in defiance of all the rules of equity and hospitality—he effected his intended elopement unsuspected, with

Miss Fitzcary ; and we must at present leave them in elegant apartments in Fitzroy-square, waiting till the anger of their friends should subside ; when they hoped to be restored to favour and to confidence.

As what was past could not be recalled, at the intercession of the young pair they were, in due time, received again into the family of the prelate, until an establishment of their own could be formed, which the prelate undertook to accelerate conditionally, that Frederick consented to his lady's fortune being settled on herself and her children : to this he could, being so circumstanced, make no reasonable objection ; after protesting a thousand times that her wealth had nothing whatever to do with their union—that he married his lovely Phillipina only for herself. And, perhaps, some young and ro-

mantic ladies may be weak enough to believe his assertions true—while those who have read mankind, and traced the powerful working of self-love in the human heart, will doubt the sincerity of his declaration. After some time he was presented with a valuable living, to which he repaired, and kept the parsonage, a spacious mansion, of antient date, for their usual residence; hired a curate at the enormous salary of forty-five pounds a year, to perform the solemn offices of his benefice, while he amused himself with the neighbouring gentlemen, or occasionally loitered away a month or two of the year either with his own family, or that of Mrs. Lawson's; who, not at all pleased with their country residence, and finding herself neither flattered or adored by her husband, began to retaliate on his

want of attention, by peevishness, arrogance, and contempt; frequently taking flight to her uncle's, where she vented her disappointment in unavailing and unpleasant upbraidings. Mrs. Fitzcary, however, who had been highly offended at her marriage, and was extremely weary of the subject, frequently silenced her by remarking, that as Mr. Lawson was the husband of her choice, it was both indelicate and imprudent in her to blazon his faults. Let us return to the cottage, where we left poor Maria, on the eve of becoming mother—the person, whom Mrs. Fitzcary had in kindness appointed to take care of her, was much tinctured with methodism, of a gloomy temper, and uncharitable spirit—from her, poor Maria heard nothing, from day to day but censures on her errors, and ex-

hortations to repentance—with strict injunction to hate her betrayer. Maria could only answer her by tears—to hate Lawson was impossible—and to repent without hating him, seemed equally so—a terrible mental conflict ensued—she feared she was deserted by heaven, and abandoned to suffer misery in this state, and punishment in the next—while her mind was cruelly agitated, she gave birth to a daughter; her attendant, either from carelessness, or ignorance, did not pay that strict attention to her that her situation claimed, her milk became extremely troublesome, was with great difficulty subdued, and, finally, the fever which had attended it ended in a delirium—the infant was of course taken from her, and, wanting that nourishment which nature sent for it, pined and died—for near two years Maria

continued in a low dejected state; she seldom spoke—she had ceased to weep. Mrs. Fitzcary, who was extremely concerned at her situation, neglected nothing that was likely to restore her to her former state of mind—on her return to the priory, after Maria's delivery, she beheld with extreme concern the harsh temper of the woman to whose care she had confided her; she was instantly removed, and a younger person, more chearful and humane, placed in her stead—but this act of kindness was now useless, for moaping melancholy had so firmly seated herself in Maria's brain, that even kindness could not move her. At length Henry, who had been by mistake reported dead, arrived in the village, but so mangled and altered, that no one knew him; he had been in battle deprived of a leg, and was

likewise dreadfully scarred in the face ; and, add to these the ravages a torrid clime had made on his complexion, no one will wonder that he was not known by his old acquaintance ; his wounds had gained his discharge, and he was come to solicit the Greenwich pension—if disappointed of that hope, he had no resource but to beg his bread—

For he was too weak to work,
Through realms his valour sav'd.

YOUNG.

He stopped at the Plough on the Green, told who he was, wiped the sweat from his sun-burnt face, for he had walked many a weary mile, then eagerly enquiring after his grandmother and his sister, he heard of the death of one, and the misfortune of the other, in an agony of

grief that sets description at defiance—he drank freely, for liquor was become habitual to him, and then set out for the cottage; but how severe were his emotions, when he viewed from the little gate the desolation of its appearance; the garden was over run with weeds, the rustic seat around the elm had gone to decay, and had been broken up; the vine was matted together, and hung in a rude confusion around the door and windows of the cottage, all emblematical of the change within—he entered the enclosure, the noise of his wooden leg aroused the attention of Maria, he rushed forward and caught her in his arms—spoke eagerly—uttered her name. She for a moment, seemed to recollect the sound, but then relapsing into her usual insensibility, she shrunk from his embrace, and fixing her

wild eyes on vacancy, sat senseless and immoveable. "This is too much," cried Henry, "and if I can find the villain who has brought all this upon thee, dearly shall he atone for it." He then rushed from the cottage, and, with as much speed as he was able to make, regained the public-house, where, from the villagers, who were by this time assembled round him, for it was then evening, he heard who was the reputed seducer of his sister ; though none knew, yet most, from coincidence of circumstances, suspected Lawson. It did not in the mind of Henry admit a doubt, he drank freely, and continued with his old companions the greater part of the night—he then slept for a few hours—gained all the information he could of Lawson's residence—took one more look at his poor sister, which served

only to invigorate his thirst of vengeance—then privately took from the cottage a pistol, which had been his father's, and without saying a word of his intentions, set out for the residence of Mr. Lawson. He was two days and one night walking thither. He cleaned his pistol on the road, and purchased some powder and ball of a soldier he met with at a public-house, where he drank till his money was nearly exhausted, and his brain in a state of phrenzy—and arrived at the parsonage-house just as Mr. Lawson, whom he demanded to speak with, had sat down to breakfast—he followed the foot-boy, rushed into the breakfast-room, took his aim at Mr. Lawson, who instantly fell, groaned deeply, and died. The family was in a moment assembled at the sound, every possible assistance was

given, but to no purpose—the aim was too surely taken—the ball had reached the brain. The wretched culprit was immediately secured, indeed he made no attempt to escape, and seemed perfectly satisfied to have taken vengeance for the injuries of his sister.—though he knew his life must pay the forfeit of his crime. During this dreadful scence, Mrs. Lawson was absent on a party of pleasure—the fatal news, however, was conveyed to her, and she instantly set out for her uncle's residence: where she went through all the forms of grief and condolence—and was in a few days, between the intervals of tears and hysterics, enabled by the help of aromatic salts, to consult with her milliner on the most elegant and becoming mode of wearing her mourning. In the meantime, the coroner returned the verdict of

wilful murder—and Henry was confined to take his trial for the deed. The body of Mr. Lawson was interred in the family vault—the effects at the parsonage all sold by public auction—and as there was no children, Mrs. Lawson again figured in the first circles, with her fortune unimpaired: While Henry languished in prison, borne down by corporeal sufferings and mental sorrows—for the hour of reflection was come—poor Maria, as if acquainted by some secret impulse of the dreadful transaction, languished a few weeks, during which her reason seemed in some degree restored—and died without a struggle or a sigh, the morning preceding that on which her rash ; but unfortunate brother was to suffer death, who had, during the interval of her illness, been tried and condemned. He suffered according to

his sentence, firm and collected, beseeching the surrounding multitude to assist him with their prayers, and to take warning by his example—not to indulge the impulse of passion—or impiously snatch from heaven the thunderbolt of vengeance.

On this tale, which we recommend to the serious perusal of the young, the gay, and inexperienced, we make no comment; sensible that they will see the necessity of subduing the first symptoms of passion, under whatever appearance they make their approach—convinced that it is much easier to destroy the egg, than kill the serpent.

TRUE VIRTUE AND FILIAL PIETY
IN THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

FRANCES MARIA, of Rochebeaucour, born in Angoumois, in 1752.

Nature, who has granted to man the gift of genius and deep thinking, ability to invent and force to execute, seems to have compensated his companion by gifts no less valuable; gentleness of disposition, patience, self-command, courage, sensibility, prudence, activity, and regularity of conduct. This last quality is, above all, a prerogative which cannot be refused to a sex worthy on so many accounts of love and respect.

With what aptness too is woman endowed from her tender years! Are not

young girls daily seen to conduct a house, to watch over the details of house-keeping, to manage their little brothers and sisters, to supply, in a word, the loss of their parents, at an age when great boys are capable of no service, and only think of amusing themselves? Frances Maria perfectly confirms these observations. This young woman owed her birth to a tax-gatherer of Rochebeaucour, in Angoumois. Her father was possessed of no fortune, but he was a worthy man, a good husband, and a good father. Although he had himself received only a common education, as he did not want good sense, he brought up his child much better than the children of the rich inhabitants of great cities are often educated. He had remarked that Frances was of a gentle but very decided temper, repugnant to

all remonstrances delivered with severity; in consequence, he made use of no other methods of management than those of kindness, caresses, and sentiment, and he saw himself no less respected than beloved by her.

His wife was far from shewing the sense and tender cares of her husband. She affected great love for her daughter, but this love was unequal and unenlightened. Whimsical, capricious, hasty to excess, unreasonable in her demand, and ready to take offence, she was perpetually chiding Maria for mere trifles. On occasions when she ought to have reproved her daughter, she manifested a tenderness, of which the little girl could not divine the reason; when it would have been right to have encouraged her, overwhelmed her with menaces and harsh

treatment, which hurt and disgusted the good father, and soured the mind of her child. Thus thwarted in his dearest affection, but irresolute and desirous of preserving peace in his house, the father concealed within his heart a secret grief. He fell ill, and died in the arms of his afflicted daughter. His wife, though still young, did not long survive him; and she left behind her a little boy, of eighteen months old, with Frances, then aged eleven years.

The father of the young orphan was rich only in virtues; he left no inheritance to his daughter but some old furniture, and a little cottage, situated in the skirts of a wood. Frances retired with her little brother to this wild assylum. The wretched have, alas! neither relations nor friends! She saw herself absolutely deserted, and was soon reduced to

the most dreadful poverty. Some husbandmen in the neighbourhood, however, wished for her service in keeping their geese and their sheep; but her tender attachment to her little brother prevented her from accepting the office, and she resolved to attempt and to suffer every thing rather than abandon him.

In this urgent necessity Maria sold some linen and effects, and with the money that she gained by this means she bought flax and cotton. From the age of seven years she had been able to make a pair of men's stockings in two days. This habit of employment was of great assistance to her in her poverty; and she set herself to spinning, sewing and knitting alternately. As she was not less active than skilful, she thus provided for

her subsistence, and preserved her independence.

Activity, industry, and virtue, naturally command the esteem of men; and when we no longer stand in need of them, they offer us their services. A girl of twelve years old, living alone in a poor cottage, providing intirely for herself, and taking care of an infant brother, as if he had been her child, was a sight equally rare and affecting. Accordingly her reputation soon spread abroad. Every body ran from the neighbouring districts to see her, and work was eagerly brought to her. The mothers particularly made it equally a duty and a pleasure to bring their children thither. "Come," said they, "come and see a girl of twelve years old who conducts herself like a woman of thirty, and passes her nights in providing food for her little brother.

Plenty, the ordinary fruit of industry and activity, insensibly began to reign in the cottage of Maria; she even found herself enabled to take a good old woman to live with her, who kept house for her, and took care of her brother whilst she went to carry her work to the neighbouring villages. Passing her days in innocence and peace, nothing would have been wanting to the happiness of this virtuous child, had her father still been with her.

Afflicting recollections continually offered themselves to her mind, and spread a gloom over her thoughts. During the hours of the night, and throughout the day, she felt a dreadful void around her. "Dear friend of my childhood," she repeated, "why are you not with your beloved daughter! With what pleasure should I consecrate the product of my

watchings! O, how it would delight me to return the cares which you lavished on me in my childhood! No, no, never shall I be consoled for so cruel a loss, nothing can make me amends."

Divided between her attention to her little brother, and the tender recollection of her beloved father, the good Frances had already passed three years in her solitude.

Surpassing others no less in the advantages of person than those of mind, she was of a size and strength much above her age, and her beauty was equal to the amiable qualities of her heart. Some of the richest farmers importunately demanded her in marriage, and would have esteemed themselves but too happy to have obtained her without a dowry; but they were very young men, and

Maria with a prudence by no means common, dismissed them, preferring a tradesman of a middle age with a moderate property, because, as she said, he might supply the place of a father to her brother and herself, and assist her in acquiring the experience that she stood in need of.

It was in the middle of a long and severe winter, and the prudent Maria awaited the fine weather of spring, to unite her lot with that of the happy man for whom she destined the gift of her heart; and her lovely person. But, alas! she was prevented in her design by a fatal accident: For five weeks the earth had been covered with frozen snow. The wolves wandered through the fields in herds; they boldly entered the towns, and even men, when unarmed, became their victims. One

morning as Frances was drawing some bread from the oven, a she-wolf followed by five of her whelps, burst into the room. Maria instantly seized a knotty stick, and defended herself with equal courage and calmness. She would certainly have saved her life had she thought only of herself. While she was dealing rude blows to the savage beast, she perceived a second enemy advancing towards her brother. Then uttering a cry of error, she seized the child by the middle, opened a closet, and there placed him under cover from all danger; but whilst the courageous girl supported herself with one hand, and endeavoured with the other to repulse the voracious animals, the furious wolf sprung at her throat; and suffocated her instantly. The good old woman flying trembling to im-

plore assistance, was also seized and torn in pieces.

Thus died in her fifteenth year, this young woman, who so well deserved a better fate. Who can refuse their tears? The true model of filial piety, of courage, and fraternal affection, inspired with virtue, with sentiment, and grace: who better deserved to have lived and become the mother of a family than she, who fulfilled so well the sacred duties of of one without the title?

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